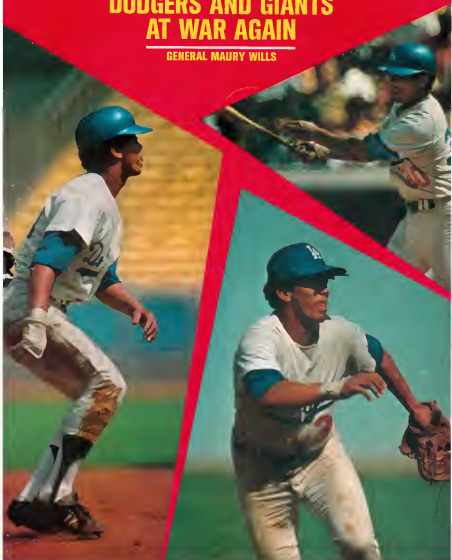


Sports Illustrated

SEPTEMBER 27, 1971 60 CENTS

DODGERS AND GIANTS AT WAR AGAIN

GENERAL MAURY WILLS





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its extraordinary quiet is just the
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Which is why we suggest a trip to the junkyard before you decide to put a new car in your own yard.



STOCKERMAN & CO. BOSTON, MA

ones, look at their old ones.

And why we suggest that that new car be a Volkswagen.

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If TV seems to have lost a little of its pazzazz, try watching on one of these new Panasonics.

The TR-005 is straight from the Space Age. With technology to match. The 5" (diag. meas.) picture is so detailed it'll turn your head. But you won't have to, because the set swivels a full 180° on its beautiful tripod base.

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So if TV has you yawning long before bedtime, get one of the exciting new Panasonics. And have something to watch when you don't want to watch TV.

Maybe you'd find TV more exciting if your set was.



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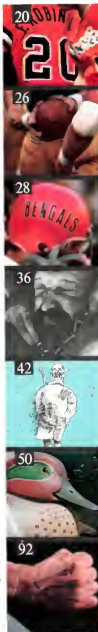
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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is published weekly, except one issue at year end, by Time Inc., 546 North Fairbanks Court, Chicago, Ill. 60611; principal office Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020; James H. Sherry, President; Richard B. McKenough, Treasurer; Charles R. Blac, Secretary. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill. and at additional mailing offices. Authorized to second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage in cash. Subscription price in the United States, Canada, Puerto Rico and the Caribbean islands \$12.00 a year; outside one dollar anywhere in the world \$15.00 a year; all others \$16.00 a year.

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Next week

PRO BASKETBALL starts on the road to eventual merger with its first antedecessor play. Champion Milwaukee meets Dallas and Baltimore takes on Kentucky in exhibition games.

SONNY SOKILLER, the Cherokee who throws bullets for the University of Washington, enjoys his celebrity but has one word for the Indian-oriented publicity he is attracting: Ugh.

NOT BRAGGING or anything, but Walter Bingham had the makings of a golf champion. All he needed was a few lessons and practice. The tale of his, uh, crash course.

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SHOPWALK

Adco, the ultimate sports nostalgia trip, can do all yours for a mere \$100,000

On Santa Monica Boulevard in West Hollywood, Calif., a street that offers one of the nation's wider selections of smutty movies and magazines, there is a seedy little book shop that appears to have gone out of business during the Depression and never reopened. The door is always locked, and things inside remain as still as the statues of the athletes that decorate the front window. "Adco Sports Book Exchange," says the faded sign, giving no hint of the treasures within.

This dusty haven amid the neighborhood's fleshpots is the biggest purveyor of sports nostalgia in the world, and the proprietor, Goodwin Goldfaden, claims to have "a million items" stored away inside and in six storerooms nearby, invaluable bits of memorabilia and minutiae, including every copy of *The Rose* magazine from 1922 to date, the Spalding, Barnes and NCAA football guides from the days of Albee Booth and before, the personal scrapbook of "the only woman scout in major league baseball history" and copies of the *Police Gazette* back to the 1880s. All of it, Goldfaden says, is for sale—in pieces or in a lump.

Few people visit Adco, and neighborhood shopkeepers feel sorry for him over the obvious dearth of foot-traffic business he does. They should save their sympathy: Goldfaden receives an average of 50 letters a day from sports fans who want to buy, sell or trade such items as baseball guides or old Seawarce football programs. Frankie Frisch once ordered 28 baseball publications going back to 1931. A Parisian saw an ad in an L.A. classified phone book, and within five years bought more than \$2,000 worth of items on track and field, tennis and the Olympics. A customer in New York City was so anxious to get the complete 1948-through-1968 run of *The Sporting News* that he had it shipped air freight.

Goldfaden has been in the business for 46 years, since he was an 11-year-old baseball fanatic in Cleveland, and he has made many friends through the mails. A favored old customer who has what Goldfaden calls "one of the largest baseball collections in existence" told him he will inherit the whole thing when the customer passes on. Even the shipping costs will be paid by the estate, he promises.

Scarcely a week goes by without Adco's buying somebody's collection of something. Goldfaden has several complete sets of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, he even has several copies of SE's dummy issues, the prepublication editions put out to show potential advertisers what the product would look like.

Customers drop in occasionally to shop in person (they have to ring the doorbell,

continued

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then extinguish all smoking materials, but most often they phone (area code 213) 876-2393 or 966-4914). James Earl Jones, who portrayed a character based on heavyweight champ Jack Johnson in *The Great White Hope*, called up and bought two scrapbooks made up by Johnson's handler, one of them weighed 50 pounds. Olympic deathball champion Bob Mathias bought a dozen copies of his own book.

Goldfaden doesn't restrict himself to books, programs and periodicals. He also deals in deals, menus, ashtrays, puzzles, posters, matchbook covers, calendars, ticket stubs and even sports-motif labels originally designed for fruit crates. He keeps bubblegum cards in cigar boxes so kids can come in and rummage around (an adult customer recently bought 40,000 baseball and football cards). Goldfaden can tell at a glance who manufactured a given baseball card, the year it was issued and the most valuable numbers on the set. A Babe Ruth original from the '30s costs \$5, a 1959 reprint goes for \$1. Bubble gum is a relative late-comer to the field. Goldfaden has cards from the early 1900s that came with long-forgotten cigarette brands: Polar Bear, Old Judge, Old Mill, Cyclone, American Beams, Hawaiian, Sovereign, Piedmont.

One of Adco's rarest gems is a 1910 baseball novel, *Wander the North* by Christy Mathewson, autographed by the famous New York Giants pitcher and containing a nomination chapter, "The Fade-Away and Other Deserving Curves." Adco also had on sale recently an 1899 Brooklyn baseball scorecard, a 1904 batted baseball game 1890, marked up from its original price of 50 cents), a military document signed by Abner Doubleday, a 1902 Davis Cup program, and New York Yankee paychecks endorsed by Tony Lazzeri, Wane Hoyt, Miller Huggins and Herb Pennock. Upstairs in the cluttered Adco mezzanine is a box full of memorabilia Goldfaden says is worth about \$5,000, including a John L. Sullivan fight poster and a program from the 1921 Dempsey-Carpenter fight.

Can such a business, even with 'the world's largest inventory,' be profitable?

"I've been married for 30 years and this has carried us," said Goldfaden. His wife Esther is an active participant in the business, and they recently bought a new home in Sherman Oaks. "But we've worked hard, and the business is running away from me." Would he sell out? "It's available to interested parties at the right price, around \$100,000." Anyone with that kind of capital and an eye for a business that can never run out of raw materials can write Bob 48577, Briggs Station, Los Angeles 90048, phone or drop in at 7402 Santa Monica Boulevard, Call first.

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The Traveller knit
suit from Sears,
because the idea is
to throw wrinkles,
not wear them.**

On the field a wrinkle is a curve ball. Off the field it's a no, no. Which is why New York Met pitching ace Tom Seaver wears Sears knit suit ace, The Traveller. It's not that The Traveller won't ever wrinkle. It will after a while. But when it does, you don't press it. You just shake it out and hang it up for a while. And that's a pretty good wrinkle; no wrinkles. The Traveller knit suit from Sears—the suit that was packed and unpacked 12 times in 18 days and never needed pressing. In The Traveller Knit Shop at most Sears, Roebuck and Co. stores. In year-around polyester. In a wide selection of styles, colors and patterns. And on Tom Seaver.

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U.S. OLYMPIC TEAM



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JUST WHO IS KNOCKING OUT WHOM?

The names might easily have been Maglie and Robinson and Furillo and Leo, but they weren't. There was, to be sure, Willie, but there were also Singer and Juan and Buckner and Wills and Johnson, and what these names were doing was fighting. Age and a change of scenery had done nothing to cool passions in baseball's classic rivalry—the Giants against the Dodgers.

Two weeks before, any realist would have said that this would be just another tough series between two old foes, the one already a pennant winner, the other an adequate second. But suddenly the Giants were falling apart and the Dodgers at last were getting together, exactly the way their captain, cheerleader and topkick, Maury Wills (see cover), had said over and over again that they would. While the Dodgers came charging, the Giants developed ninth-inning trouble. Try as they might, they seemed incapable of coming out of the ninth ahead. They lost 11 of 12 games, their once fat lead of $8\frac{1}{2}$ games dwindled to one thin game and Candlestick Park was the Polo Grounds again, or Ebbets Field.

Wacky, of course, just the way things always have been with the two. Consider the days leading up to last week's two-game series, their final confrontation of the season. Before facing off at spitting distance, the archenemies produced a stereo of low lights that stunned even them. One evening, for example, Willie Mays dropped a fly ball in center field. On the same night the Dodgers' Wes Parker got picked off second base with nobody out in the bottom of the ninth inning. He was carrying what was supposed to be the winning run.

The two managers, Charlie Fox of San Francisco and Walt Alton of Los Angeles, rode up and down emotional roller-coasters. Fox, growing more dejected by the moment, said, "Balls

The Giants and Dodgers, battling each other and themselves, thrash out a surprise pennant race that brings to mind their brawls of old

by WILLIAM LEGGETT

bounce off the edges of the AstroTurf and over our infielders' heads. Balls come off the edges of the other teams' bats and fall in for hits. When are the edges going to turn our way?" Looking for a solid combination, Alton juggled his lineup and juggled it again and again. In the end he knew that he was no nearer to a solution than he had been in early March at Vero Beach, Fla.

Alton let Richie Allen off work early on Friday night against Atlanta with the Dodgers leading the Braves 2-1. Allen picked up his first baseman's mitt and left the premises and his teammates. They struggled without him through 11 innings and lost 3-2. Fred Norman, a pitcher for the San Diego Padres, threw a complete-game victory against Los Angeles on Thursday and did a perfect backflip on the mound at the conclusion of it. Explained Norman: "When I was with the Dodgers I did some backflips in the outfield one day. Alton noticed it and said that if I pitched a complete game it might be kind of interesting to do one on the mound. So I did." That was not exactly what Alton had in mind.

Los Angeles' surprising rise itself came out of mischance. During the team's final swing through the East almost a month ago the Dodgers lost two out of three games in Philadelphia and, after a delightful interlude in Montreal where they won two of three, lost three straight to the Mets in Shea Stadium. Whipped and saddened, they piled onto the plane to Houston, where in all probability

they were going to play out the string.

Alton had a better idea. The following evening he closed the dressing room door in the Astrodome and explained the facts of his and their lives to his players. Drawing on his 18 years of experience as a major league manager, he explained to his basically young team that strange things happen in baseball and that several of the losses could have been wins with just a break here and there. Alton also explained the necessity of not letting down, because such an attitude could linger over into future years. He asked the team to show what it was made of.

Los Angeles went out and won, then won again the next night. The Dodgers took nine of their next 11 games, too, including a three-game sweep of the Giants at Los Angeles that set up last week's fight night at Candlestick.

As if that face-off were not heat enough, San Francisco was boiling. Temperatures in the city rose above 100, the hottest it had been there in almost 70 September. Just about everybody in northern California wanted to go to the games—which was quite a novelty for the Giants, who in the last few years had gone largely uninspected by the local citizenry—but only 31,000 could get into the park. It is being rebuilt to accommodate the 49ers football team and, hopefully, 60,000 followers. Studded with beams, girders and half-finished seats, Candlestick resembled a struck set.

The task facing Los Angeles was formidable. Juan Marichal, the starting

continued

Prominently featured on fight night at Candlestick are Al Delmonico, one of five Giants who lost on teammate Jerry Johnson; Giant catcher Russ Gibson, who catches a firm head to the Dodgers' Bill Buckner; chasing Juan Marichal and the dejected Willie Mays.

Drink first class



SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

PROMISES TO KEEP

The Philadelphia Board of Education's decision last week to restore varsity sports and all extracurricular school activities was received with delight in that city's 18 high schools. "Break down the door!" yelled an exultant Roxborough High football player as the hastily re-assembled team raced from the dressing room onto the practice field.

The school board's 100% turnaround (\$1, Sept. 6) was the result of financial promises it received from city politicians. Retiring Mayor James H. J. Tate said that the \$35 million needed to offset an anticipated deficit in the school-system budget (the extracurricular program, including sports, accounted for about \$2.3 million of that deficit) would be forthcoming after all in the 1971-72 fiscal year. Of the \$35 million, \$20 million is expected to come from the Federal Government under President Nixon's revenue-sharing program, which is still being considered by Congress, and another \$7 million from a proposed increase (from 2% to 5%) in the state tax on pars-mutual betting at Liberty Bell Park.

Even though this means that the money is still anticipatory, Republican mayoralty candidate Thacher Longstrech and 13 of the 15 Republican candidates for the city council have declared that, if elected, they would produce whatever money was needed, and Frank Rizzo, the conservative Democratic candidate for mayor, made a similar promise.

A relieved, if slightly cynical, comment on the situation came from another Roxborough player. "It wasn't looking too good in the summer," he said, "and I felt for a while there might not be any football at all. But then I thought that by the time of the election they'd come through with the money."

PATRIOTIC DUTY

Pro football fans have howled for years about the practice many clubs follow of sticking preseason exhibition games into season-ticket plans. If you want a seat

for the seven regular-season home games, the would-be spectator was told, then, baby, you got to buy tickets to the exhibitions, too.

Now a strong precedent has been established in favor of the fan who wants the privilege of taking his exhibitions or leaving them alone. Massachusetts Attorney General Robert H. Quinn advised the New England Patriots that if they persisted in tying preseason games to their season-ticket packages, the club would be subject to antitrust action. Last week Billy Sullivan, president of the Patriots, bowed to the deterring arm of the law and announced that his team wouldn't do it anymore.

Once again, Boston may be the cradle of liberty. How far will this rebellion spread?

TEDDY TELLS 'EM

Ted Williams, reacting to recent player uprisings (the Cubs, for instance, and the Red Sox), had some pungent comments. "I'll tell you who's responsible for all this flak," he said. "It's the owners. They're responsible for all this namby-pamby stuff, this deterioration of baseball. They've all got to get tough, that's all there is to it. They can't let the players run this game. Imagine owners like Yawkey and Wrigley having problems with players—all this dissension and griping and rebellion. It's a shame. If I was an owner and the kind of flak they've been putting up with went on, I'd go right down and straighten out anybody who popped off."

UNDER TWO FLAGS

Almost obscured in the Olympic flap about South Africa in 1968 was the fact that Rhodesia was not invited to the Mexico City Games. Rhodesia is a white-run country in the heart of the Dark Continent but, unlike South Africa, it does not have segregated sports. Even so, its rebellion against Britain and its declaration of independence had racist overtones that aroused antagonism.

Now, in a play that Solomon would have admired, it is Olympic-bound again. Since independent Rhodesia is still not recognized by most other governments, the International Olympic Committee suggested the Rhodesians go back to using the same Union Jack flag and *God Save the Queen* anthem that they had at Tokyo in 1964. This proposal was approved by an almost unanimous vote of delegates from 80 national Olympic committees. The Rhodesian delegates said it was fine with them. R. W. Grant-Stuart, president of the Rhodesian Olympic Committee, and Ossie Plavetick, secretary-general, reportedly told Avery Brundage: "We are sportsmen and are not interested in politics. We are willing to compete under any flag."

LOS IRLANDESES COMBATIENTES

Notre Dame will play the National University of Mexico in Mexico City on Saturday, Oct. 23. No, not the Notre Dame, or at least not Ara Parseghian's varsity, which meets Southern California that afternoon in South Bend. The Irish in Mexico City will be the Notre Dame freshmen—but don't let that mislead you into thinking that the game south of the border will be a casual little affair played behind a *barbeque* somewhere. The freshmen will appear before a far larger crowd than the Notre Dame varsity will; officials in Mexico City expect at least 80,000 spectators to come out to huge Aztec Stadium, and there could be as many as 100,000. Back in South Bend the varsity will draw a measly little capacity crowd of 59,075.

The University of Mexico has five or six separate teams, from which an all-star squad will be selected for the big game. Ticket prices will be on a somewhat more modest scale than big-time college football is accustomed to. In South Bend, people will pay \$7 and \$8 for their seats. In Mexico City, the *aficionados* will spring for either four or five pesos, about 30¢ to 40¢; so gate receipts won't be a tenth the size of the take in South Bend. Even so, a crowd of 80,000—that's a lot of *olés*.

ALL BROWN

Ever hear of a pitcher making an unassisted double play? On a ground ball? At second base? Stand back now. It happened in an American Association game between the Denver Bears and the Wichita Aeros. One out, man on second,

continued

Pitcher Jackie Brown of Denver fielded a hot ground ball. The man on second moved a little too far toward third before stopping, and Brown, instead of throwing to first base for a routine out, sprinted toward the runner, who suddenly found himself trapped off base. Brown ran him back toward second and faked a throw to that base. The runner fell for the fake, turned again toward third and Brown tagged him out. Meanwhile, the batter, seeing the rundown, rounded first and tried to make it into second. Brown spotted him, raced to the bag and tagged him out, too.

Why he bothers having infielders around, no one knows.

A LITTLE FUN

Minibikes are dangerous, says the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration. It estimates that more than 1.5 million of the popular little machines—



which are sort of mini-motorcycles powered by engines of the lawn mower type—will be in use this year, almost all of them operated by youngsters between 10 and 14. Riding a bike in a nontraffic area under parental supervision can be safe, the agency grants, but adds that it becomes "a high-risk vehicle on sidewalks and roadways. Minibikes are noted for poor handling characteristics because of their short wheelbase and small tires." They lack the acceleration needed in traffic and are difficult for automobile drivers to see because of their small size. Yet they

are capable of speeds of 25 to 45 mph.

Children's Supermarts, Inc., the largest retail toy-store chain in the District of Columbia metropolitan area, refuses to carry minibikes. A company official said the decision not to stock the bikes was made after an employee riding a minibike in a store parking lot was unable to brake in time to avoid hitting a telephone pole. He was knocked unconscious and hospitalized.

WRITE ARMS

Jim Bouton, the pitcher-author, is lucky he is neither British nor a poet. American critics, with the exception of people like Bowie Kuhn and Sports writer Dick Young, were generally kind in their comments on Bouton's prose. British critics, on the other hand, were uncomfortably direct in their reaction to the published work of John Snow, a British counterpart of Bouton who is also a pitcher—more precisely, a cricket bowler—and a published writer. But Snow writes poetry with lines like, "What if eternal darkness slapped your face / Or a noseless man touched your hand, / Would the puking rise / From where it lies, / Would you feel small / A part of the damned?" Alan Ross, poet, critic and onetime cricketer himself, said of Snow's verse: "These 15 or so doctored are limp in rhythm, trite in sentiment, and weak in grammar and just about everything else." For good measure, Ross also had an unkind word about the poet as cricketer player, implying that the fast-balling Snow (who has a habit of throwing dusters, called humpers in Britain) does it in relatively unimportant county matches, whereas he is always gang-ho when he plays for England in international competition.

Like Bouton, Snow reacted to the criticism mildly but pointedly (Bouton used a Dick Young phrase as the title of his second book). Snow said he really did not mind if his poetry was disliked and then added that he had not known Ross wrote poetry, too. After sampling a bit of his critic's work the bowler put it down with, "Not bad. But it's not very lively, is it?" He had nothing to say about Ross' cricket playing.

WHY, DADDY?

Football coaches seem more concerned with long hair than almost anybody else, and when Lee Corso, the University of Louisville coach, was on a radio call-in

show the other day, inevitably one of the callers asked him about his players' long hair. Corso replied that he paid little attention to it as long as they produced on the field. For example, John Madeyn, an All-America candidate, has collar-length hair and a Gay '90s mustache. Kicker Scott Marcus has his hair in what he calls a Jewish Afro.

As the hair discussion ended, another call came for Corso, this one from his 10-year-old son David, who was listening at home. "Daddy," said David, "if you let your players wear their hair as long as they want, why won't you let me?"

The usually talkative Corso was stumped. Finally, he said, "You're not old enough to decide that yet, son." And then, after a menacing pause, he added, "Just wait till I get home."

AMBUSH AT THE GAP

These generation gaps reveal themselves in unanticipated ways. A man in New Jersey entertaining his 10-year-old grandson noticed the boy seemed bored with the TV show they happened to be watching. Remembering what it was like to be a boy, the grandfather asked if the youngster would rather watch cowboys and Indians. Eagerly, the boy said he sure would, and the grandfather switched the dial around until the inevitable chase through a gulch appeared on the screen. Gramps sat back, satisfied, but an unhappy frown appeared on the boy's forehead. "Gee," he muttered, "I thought you meant a football game."

THEY SAID IT

- Red Auerbach, former Boston Celtic coach, now general manager, on why he would not want to coach professional basketball again: "Besides the fact that it wouldn't sit right at home, I have to be realistic. Whatever I might do now would be anticlimactic. I wouldn't want to be compared to other coaches who retired, then made comebacks and didn't do as well as previously."
- Edward Bennett Williams, Washington Redskins president, on Coach George Allen's trading preferences: "His father gave him a six-week-old puppy when he was four, and he traded it away for two 12-year-old cats."
- Bill van Breda Kolff, Detroit Pistons coach, on the price of technical fouls going up from \$25 to \$50 this year: "They can't hit me with fifty bucks—not with President Nixon's freeze on."

END



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JUST WHO IS KNOCKING OUT WHOM?

The names might easily have been Maglie and Robinson and Furillo and Leo, but they weren't. There was, to be sure, Willie, but there were also Singer and Juan and Buckner and Wills and Johnson, and what these names were doing was fighting. Age and a change of scenery had done nothing to cool passions in baseball's classic rivalry—the Giants against the Dodgers.

Two weeks before, any realist would have said that this would be just another tough series between two old foes, the one already a pennant winner, the other an adequate second. But suddenly the Giants were falling apart and the Dodgers at last were getting together, exactly the way their captain, cheerleader and topkick, Maury Wills (see cover), had said over and over again that they would. While the Dodgers came charging, the Giants developed ninth-inning trouble. Try as they might, they seemed incapable of coming out of the ninth ahead. They lost 11 of 12 games, their once fat lead of 8½ games dwindled to one thin game and Candlestick Park was the Polo Grounds again, or Ebbets Field.

Wacky, of course, just the way things always have been with the two. Consider the days leading up to last week's two-game series, their final confrontation of the season. Before facing off at spitting distance, the archenemies produced a stereo of low lights that stunned even them. One evening, for example, Willie Mays dropped a fly ball in center field. On the same night the Dodgers' Wes Parker got picked off second base with nobody out in the bottom of the ninth inning. He was carrying what was supposed to be the winning run.

The two managers, Charlie Fox of San Francisco and Walt Alston of Los Angeles, rode up and down emotional roller-coasters. Fox, growing more dejected by the moment, said, "Balls

Tha. Giants and Dodgers, battling each other and themselves, thrash out a surprise pennant race that brings to mind their brawls of old

by WILLIAM LEGGETT

bounce off the edges of the AstroTurf and over our infielders' heads. Balls come off the edges of the other seams' bats and fall in for hits. When are the edges going to turn our way?" Looking for a solid combination, Alston juggled his lineup and juggled it again and again. In the end he knew that he was no nearer to a solution than he had been in early March at Vero Beach, Fla.

Alston let Richie Allen off work early on Friday night against Atlanta with the Dodgers leading the Braves 2-1. Allen picked up his first baseman's mitt and left the premises and his teammates. They struggled without him through 11 innings and lost 3-2. Fred Norman, a pitcher for the San Diego Padres, threw a complete-game victory against Los Angeles on Thursday and did a perfect backflip on the mound at the conclusion of it. Explained Norman: "When I was with the Dodgers I did some backflips in the outfield one day. Alston noticed it and said that if I pitched a complete game it might be kind of interesting to do one on the mound. So I did." That was not exactly what Alston had in mind.

Los Angeles' surprising rise itself came out of mischance. During the team's final swing through the East almost a month ago the Dodgers lost two out of three games in Philadelphia and, after a delightful interlude in Montreal where they won two of three, lost three straight to the Mets in Shea Stadium. Whipped and saddened, they piled onto the plane to Houston, where in all probability

they were going to play out the string. Alston had a better idea. The following evening he closed the dressing room door in the Astrodome and explained the facts of his and their lives to his players. Drawing on his 18 years of experience as a major league manager, he explained to his basically young team that strange things happen in baseball and that several of the losses could have been wins with just a break here and there. Alston also explained the necessity of not letting down, because such an attitude could linger over into future years. He asked the team to show what it was made of.

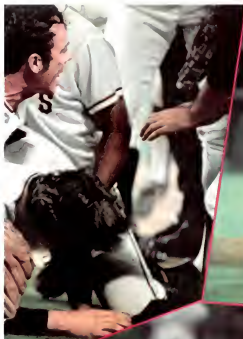
Los Angeles went out and won, then won again the next night. The Dodgers took nine of their next 11 games, too, including a three-game sweep of the Giants at Los Angeles that set up last week's fight night at Candlestick.

As if that face-off were not hot enough, San Francisco was boiling. Temperatures in the City rose above 100, the hottest it had been there in almost 70 September. Just about everybody in northern California wanted to go to the games—which was quite a novelty for the Giants, who in the last few years had gone largely uninspected by the local citizenry—but only 31,000 could get into the park. It is being rebuilt to accommodate the 49ers football team and, hopefully, 60,000 followers. Studded with beams, girders and half-finished seats, Candlestick resembled a truck set.

The task facing Los Angeles was formidable. Juan Marichal, the starting

continued

Prominently featured on fight night at Candlestick are Al Gallagher, one of five Giants who land on teammate Jerry Johnson; Giant Catcher Russ Gibson, who attaches a firm hand to the Dodgers' Bill Buckner; choking Juan Marichal and the decked Willie Mays.





Everybody shows up at the fight, most of them as spectators, after Marichal's baseball bat Buckner rushing for him out in hand.

KNOCKOUT continued

Giant pitcher in the first game, was 21-1 against the Dodgers at Candlestick, and even the loss came after 11 innings of struggle. In baseball there is no such thing as a game plan. There are only hopes, and the Dodgers' chief one was to score first and hang on in the expectation that Marichal would be replaced by a pinch hitter after five or six innings. Marichal left on schedule, but under circumstances the Dodgers could hardly have foreseen.

In the first inning Los Angeles got its lead when Allen hit a two-run homer. Then with two outs and a 1-1 count to Mays in the bottom of the first, Los Angeles Pitcher Bill Singer hit Willie on the arm with a pitch. He writhed on the ground and the crowd booed. In the top of the fourth Willie Crawford homered for a 3-1 Dodger lead, and with one out in the bottom of the inning Singer hit Shortstop Chris Speier. Now fans started chanting "out, out, out" at Singer, out being where they wanted him thrown. But with one runner already on base it is highly doubtful that Singer had deliberately hit Speier.

Singer was the leadoff hitter in the top of the fifth, and Marichal's first pitch was a high inside fastball that drove him back from the plate. Marichal's second pitch did the same, and Umpire Shag Crawford warned him—an official act that carries a \$150 fine plus expulsion for any recurrence. The entire Giant infield rushed in to object. After Singer flew out, Wills ducked two inside pitches and then grounded out. Up next was Bill Buckner, a young man with a high potential for hot-dogging and a low boiling point. Earlier in the year Marichal had hit Buckner at Dodger Stadium and the two had come close to blows.

Marichal's first pitch now hit Buckner on the elbow and, but still in hand, the outfielder advanced toward the mound. Although Buckner was stopped before he could reach Marichal, a pushing and shoving match of major proportion developed, with not one decent punch thrown—reminiscent of the old days, too.

Umpire Crawford threw Marichal out of the game, the second time he has done so (It was Crawford who had worked home plate that afternoon at Candlestick back in 1965 when Marichal hit Dodger Catcher John Roseboro over the head with a bat.) Infuriated, Marichal grabbed at his throat three times, the age-old sign of choking, and kept screaming at the umpire. Just when it seemed that things were about to settle down, Jerry Johnson, San Francisco's best relief pitcher, gave a few choke signs of his own. Crawford bounced him, whereupon Johnson raced off the bench and came full speed at Crawford. Five other Giants had to wrestle the pitcher to the ground, and while they fought among themselves Mays was punched on the head.

Now the Giants were without Marichal, without Johnson and after one more at bat Mays had to leave the game because of aching ribs and the blow to his head. Buckner was ejected also, but the Dodgers had a runner at first. Manager Charlie Fox brought in 23-year-old Jim Barr, a right-handed pitcher with only 29 innings of major league experience, to face the left-handed-hitting Willie Davis. Barr's second pitch ended up in the orange seats beyond the right-field fence and the Dodgers were on their way to a critical win. San Francisco's lead was down to two games.

The second meeting was as exciting as the first, even though the action was strictly baseball. Los Angeles carried a

3-1 lead into the bottom of the seventh when Speier homered for one run and Bobby Bonds followed moments later with a three-run shot to give the Giants a 5-3 lead. Bonds leaped around the bases, poked a clenched fist toward the night sky and threw both arms above his head in joy. Giant fans roared with happiness.

Everything pointed to the Dodgers leaving Candlestick no better off than when they had arrived. But in the ninth inning two hits and a hunt by Wills loaded the bases for Los Angeles. Pinch Hitter Manny Mota walked to the plate. "I had one thing in mind," said Mota. "To hit the first pitch if it was in the strike zone." Although Mota seldom pulls a pitch, he did this one, the first thrown to him. It went down the left-field line, and before any Giant could retrieve it three Dodgers crossed the plate for a 6-5 Los Angeles lead.

Hey! Wilhelm came out of the Los Angeles bullpen to pitch the ninth. Working slowly, he got the first two men out before walking Willie McOvey, thus bringing Mays to bat. In 1951 Wilhelm had been a pitcher for the Minneapolis Millers when the Giants reached down and advanced a youngster from his club who was hitting .477. Name of Mays. Between them Wilhelm and Mays total 88 years. ("Since I'm only 38," says Wilhelm, "that must mean Willie is 50.") Wilhelm threw a ball to Mays, then a called strike and another ball. When Mays swung and missed the next pitch, the ball got past Catcher Tom Haller and Pinch Runner Jimmy Rosario advanced to second with the tying run. Wilhelm went to the back of the mound, rubbed up the ball and looked in at Mays for a long time. He threw a knuckler and Mays swung and missed, but the ball eluded the lunging Haller. He recovered it while swinging his leg out

to block Mays going to first and tagged him for the final out.

The Dodgers returned to Los Angeles leaving some interesting statistics to mingle with the sudden gloom descending on Candlestick. For the first time in two seasons the Dodgers had won eight games in a row. They also had beaten San Francisco eight straight times since July, their longest winning streak against the Giants since the clubs moved West in 1958.

It remained only for the Dodgers to wrap up the title before taking on Pittsburgh in the playoffs. The Giants is dead, as the fellow said long ago, and the television ratings were terrific. (The Giants and Dodgers had easily outdrawn Bob Hope, which never happens in California.) The only trouble was, the Dodgers proceeded to play like Howdy Doody, or, to put it another way, like the Giants. They met San Diego, a team with pitching but the worst record in baseball at the time, and lost twice. They met Atlanta, a team with few pitchers but scads of hitters, and lost the first two of a four-game series before taking twin shutouts on Sunday.

The Giants meanwhile were far from untracked. They lost three of their next five games, but gained a game on the Dodgers. By week's end San Francisco was in first place by 1½ games with nine

road games remaining, while Los Angeles had eight games left, five on the road and three at home. The Dodgers, as they proved, are a bad home team. The Giants, if it seems possible, are unluckier on the road than they are at home.

So the Dodgers should take the division title, right? Certainly, except that last week neither they nor the Giants did anything when faced with match point. The Giant hitters looked like they were swinging wet, rolled-up copies of *The San Francisco Chronicle*. The Dodger pitchers occasionally served up gopher balls. The only team that acted as

if it wanted to win was Atlanta, but simple mathematics and Sunday's debacle about did in the Braves.

Who would survive the Wild West show? Somehow somebody would win. Or would they? Or should they? Whoever wins, they must meet the Pirates, who took several pratfalls during the summer but are playing good baseball once again. The Pirates have some names of their own, like Clemente, Stargill, Sanguillen, Ellis and Giusti. They also are rested and ready. None of the Western contenders can make that claim, Sal, Jackie, Carl, Leo, Help!

IT'S ALL QUIET ON THE OTHER FRONT

by RON FIMRITE

Sometimes there is no accounting for a revelation. It may come, as it did to the recumbent Sir Isaac Newton, when an apple disengages itself from an overhead branch. Or it may come, as it did for Oakland Athletics Pitcher Chuck Dobson, while knotting the laces of his white kangaroo shoes.

As Dobson recalls his moment of truth, he was assembling himself in the Oakland locker room one day earlier this season when he suddenly found it necessary to ask himself just who it was the A's were playing.

"Ah," he answered himself, "the Twins." Then he stopped short. "The Twins?" And it came to him, just as if he had discovered the law of gravity. The Twins were just another ball club. No big deal. His team was better.

The Minnesota Twins had won the American League's Western championship the first two years of the division's existence. And in both those years Oakland, the logical contender, had contrived somehow to fritter away its opportunities. But no more. The A's took over first place for good on April 20 this season and then calmly—and that is the operative word—pulled away from the pack. They were 17 games ahead at the beginning of this month, and on the 15th, after winning the opening game of a doubleheader in Chicago, they became the first major league team of 1971 to lay claim to a divisional title.

For at least the first half of the season, however, the A's had appeared to be a one-man band. It was Vida Blue

this and Vida Blue that. Indeed, to quote A's power hitter Reggie Jackson, a mean hand with a cliché, the young pitcher "astounded the sports world." But when Blue's red-hot pace cooled after the All-Star Game, the A's continued to win, establishing firmly that they are a team of substance.

They are also, as they see it, relaxed, composed and mature, words that might better describe their all-but-certain opponents in the impending league playoffs, the world champion Baltimore Orioles. The two teams, for sure, are similar in many ways, not the least of which is their taste in clothes. The A's, with their various uniforms of Fort Knox gold, Kelly green and wedding-gown white, have been, even in this period of sartorial flux, baseball's flashiest dressers. But last week the Orioles showed up—somewhat sheepishly—in uniforms of double-knit sienna for a game with the good gray Yankees. With all this finery, the American League playoffs may look to baseball traditionalists like a ladies' softball game.

But beauty is only skin deep, and both the A's and the O's have more to them than looks. For one, they have excellent pitching. The A's have three fine starters in Blue, Jim (Catfish) Hunter, himself a 20-game winner, and Dobson; the Orioles go them one better with Dave McNally, Jim Palmer, Mike Cuellar and their own Dobson, Pat. But the A's are deeper in the bullpen. Both teams hit with power. The A's have more team speed, but the Orioles have a better de-

continued



One touch of love: Tom Hatcher hugs Wilhelm.

fense. The Baltimore infield of Brooks Robinson at third base, Mark Belanger at shortstop, Dave Johnson at second and Boog Powell at first is the best in baseball. For that matter, the Orioles may be the best team in baseball. And if they are not, they are the coolest.

"Our attitude," says their star, Frank Robinson, "is no different from what it's always been."

"We are," says their star, Brooks Robinson, "the same."

If the A's are composed, the Orioles are positively blasé, perhaps a little too blasé while losing game after game last week. What seemed to concern them most was not that they should win their division but by how much. When the issue became sufficiently clear to him

(if not quite so clear to the Tigers), Manager Earl Weaver decided to dedicate himself to more sophisticated heights. First, he wanted to have four 20-game winners on his pitching staff. Then he wanted his team to win 100 games. And finally he wanted one of his Robinsons—especially Frank—to win the league's Most Valuable Player award.

These are lofty goals, and Weaver will be lucky to reach one out of the three. This frustrates him, for he is the incurable overreacher, a man who has been up so long it looks like down to him. Still, when Weaver shakes his tiny fists at the heavens, he does so with some righteousness, for the Orioles have been playing under a cloud all year. Fourteen times they have been rained out at

home, and when the season ends they will have played at least four fewer games than the scheduled 162. He might well have had his four 20-game winners and his 100 wins with those extra games.

A mediocre box office is yet another characteristic the Orioles share with the Athletics. But Baltimore's stay-at-home fans are as rabid as South American soccer enthusiasts when compared with Oakland's legions of the lost. The champion A's will draw perhaps 950,000 spectators this year, which is 50,000 fewer than Baltimore and a bit more than half of what also-ran Boston will attract in the East. Oakland's loyal nonsupport bewilders and enrages both management and players. Lord knows, Owner Charlie Finley has tried hard enough to dra-

Oakland's glorious Vida Blue, who will fire up in the playoff opener, has been far from hot of late, rarely making it past the fifth inning.



goon the reluctant. He has favored them with mules, clowns, balloons, mechanical rabbits, livestock, free cars, fireworks, hot pants, panty hose and even championship baseball. Still, the citizens of the East Bay avoid his ball park as if it were a branch office of the Internal Revenue Service.

"It's depressing to the players," said Manager Dick Williams. "I think they perform better before large crowds. What seems strange is that, because of San Francisco, Oakland always has wanted an identity of its own."

"There is," Gertrude Stein once said of Oakland's identity crisis, "no there there." But the fans cannot be blamed for an unfortunate accident of geography. The San Francisco Giants and the A's together will draw well over two million this year, a more than representative turnout for a big-league community where the two ball parks are only half an hour's drive apart.

Baltimore itself suffers from its near contiguity with Washington, and the chances now are that the playoffs will not be a sellout. Pity, because as the A's Tommy Davis, who has played in both leagues, says, "The toughest series will be with Baltimore, not the National League's winner." Weaver thinks that the entire American League is much stronger this year and that Oakland's emergence is just one symptom of it. Owner Finley agrees. His team rolled over the stiffer competition, he says, because of "maturity, togetherness, aggressiveness, determination, Vida Blue, a steady Sal Bando, a happy Reggie Jackson and a manager who knows how to get along with me."

Williams and Weaver provide an interesting stylistic contrast. Williams came to the A's with a reputation from Boston—where he won a pennant in 1967—as a strict disciplinarian. His attitude is crisp, almost military, but instead of further tensing up the perennially uptight A's, he has taught them the art of relaxation. The looser A's no longer make the mistakes on the field that have crippled their chances in the past. The loosest of all may be the once emotionally knotted Jackson. With a healthier attitude, he is contending for the league lead in homers. "Just give me a bat and a glove and point me," he says. "That's my new philosophy."

Weaver seems fussy and disorganized. By last week he still had not decided



Stirious, too, is Orioles' Brooks after grand-slam homer in uniform supplied by his own firm.

who his starters would be for the playoffs. And yet he has the smoothest-functioning team in baseball.

Both managers ought to have the luxury of resting their key players before their series. Williams will not allow his three starters to work more than five innings in their remaining games. Blue, particularly, has shown evidence of fatigue these past few weeks. Weaver wants to give his starters five days' rest before the playoffs. Baltimore has the advantage of having the first two games at home and, as Frank Robinson says, "If we can beat Blue in that first game we'll get them thinking."

Finley is already thinking. He has hired, at considerable expense, former Detroit Manager Mayo Smith to trail the Orioles through this last month of the season. Smith seems happy enough with the assignment, although he confesses to some awkwardness when confronting Weaver face to face.

Smith was on duty last week watching the Orioles closely. Had he seen something new, some hidden secret that might help the A's? He thought a moment, shifted in his seat, then said, "No."

Where Oakland is concerned, no news is bad news.

END

A CHEERLEADER COULD RUN THE TEAM

The question about Notre Dame was who would play quarterback. The answer, as Northwestern discovered, is who cares by DAN JENKINS



It frequently happens in a football game involving Notre Dame that all anyone can see after a while are these clusters of golden helmets, bouncing and swooping about, feasting on something indistinguishable. Like, for example, an opponent. Suddenly, shock waves seem to be leaping from the helmets to the Golden Dome itself, then up to Heaven, and then down to the scoreboard, and a cold truth becomes plain to everyone. The Fighting Irish are playing the game all by themselves.

Through the years Notre Dame has probably played more football games against itself than any other college team. And not just in the old days against all of those Ohio Northerns and Almas and Huskells. Nowadays the Irish have Navys and Pittsburgs and Northwesters mixed in with their more physical enemies. These games aren't really scheduled as shakedown cruises, of course, but that is what they have become since Ara Parseghian brought Notre Dame back to the glory it relished under Knute Rockne and Frank Leahy.

Notre Dame loses opening games only about as often as it has an Elmer Layden or a Terry Brennan or a Hugh Devore for a coach. Rockne never lost one. Neither did Leahy. And neither has Ara, who began his eighth season last Saturday in South Bend in the same old predictable way—with a laughter.

Actually, last week's game against Northwestern was possibly Notre Dame's toughest opener since Purdue in 1966, a day when Ara unveiled Terry Hanratty and Jim Seymour and started prowling for a national championship, which he got. Northwestern had played a pretty good game against Michigan the week before and was still considered a Big Ten contender. And it was known that Notre Dame did not have a Terry Hanratty or Joe Thesmann or even a John Huarte around. A lot of beef, yes. But no one to drive the herd.

What happened, naturally, as it usually does when a have faces a have-not, is that one of those cute cheerleaders from St. Mary's could have played quarterback against Northwestern. And if she had, grinding, muscular, deep and resourceful Notre Dame might still have won by the same score: 50-7.

BAN ELLER (2) contributed some crucial plays that helped turn a close game into a laugh.



Pat Steenberge threw the late scoring pass.

It was a football game for only 15 minutes, and only then because Northwestern had managed to drive for a touchdown with such tools as a fake punt and a pass-interference penalty. Thereafter, the imposing Notre Dame defense took over and the only remaining suspense was which of the golden helmets would intercept the most passes, or which ponderous Notre Dame lineman would mortally wound Northwestern's Quarterback Maurice Daigneau before he could release the ball.

It turned out that the Irish secondary stole seven passes and returned them for a total of 185 yards and two touchdowns, not to mention the scores that these thefts set up. Notre Dame stole everything but the apostrophe that might once have been in Daigneau's name.

Notre Dame might have swiped even more passes if such nimble thieves as Ken Schleezes, Mike Crotty, Clarence Ellis and Ralph Stepaniak had not kept bumping into each other going for the ball. As it was, Schleezes wound up with three and Crotty with two, including a 65-yarder for a touchdown.

All in all, the senior-flavored Notre Dame defense gave the junior flavored Notre Dame offense the benefit of such continually splendid field position—

roughly, the Northwestern 40-yard line—that the question of who the Irish quarterback should be, or could be, or will be, or ought to be, was impossible to determine.

"I still don't know," said Ara Parseghian later. "We might have two or three all year."

The cast, in order of its appearance, was Pat Steenberge, a junior who started the game and tried the most passes, hitting one to Tom Gatewood for a touchdown; Bill Eter, a good runner and a junior in eligibility who sat out last year because of persistent headaches; and Cliff Brown, a gifted black athlete who suffered some obvious sophomore jitters.

Most likely, it will be a two-man battle for a while between Steenberge and Eter. Last week Ara hustled them in and out regularly before turning the fourth quarter entirely over to Brown, who is possibly the best athlete of the three. There is little or no difference between Steenberge and Eter. Both can run some and throw some, but neither as well as Theismann, which is no alarming headline, of course. Perhaps it isn't even an alarming problem.

The rushing game looks awesome out of Ara's own form of the wishbone T, and there are more good Notre Dame runners in evidence than Ara has ever had. He appears to be able to work a shuttle system with such backs as Ed Gulyas, Bill Gallagher, Andy Huff, John Cieszkowski, Greg Hill, Bob Minnix and Larry Parker with so much ease and confidence that there will always be fresh power.

It might not matter whether Steenberge or Eter is the fellow handing off, for Ara himself seems determined to call most of the plays. Which quarterback takes over, then, will depend on which one turns out to be the best passer, the best "reader" for audibles, the best reader of the triple option and perhaps the best leader.

Last Saturday Ara felt Steenberge understood the total "concept" of the Notre Dame attack slightly better than Eter, but he also felt Eter ran better than Steenberge and provided the big plays that got the victory under way Ara called them even.

It was Eter who went in after big Walt Patulski had blocked a punt and given Notre Dame the ball on Northwestern's 32-yard line, and he promptly

moved the team to the goal line. Eter ran for 26 of those 32 yards before Ara sent Steenberge in to make the handoff to Gulyas for the first touchdown.

Again, it was Eter who hit the big pass—a 32-yarder to Gallagher—in the second touchdown drive, the only real drive the offense was asked to make. But it was Steenberge who came in to make the handoff to Minnix for the touchdown. And it was Steenberge who passed to Gatewood for the third touchdown that ended a 41-yard march and got Notre Dame securely out in front by 21-7.

After the game Steenberge said, "Naturally, I'd like to be the quarterback and play the whole game, but if we can do it this way and win every week, then that's all that matters."

And Bill Eter, the onetime school heavyweight boxing champ and surely the first Notre Dame quarterback with a mustache since 1887, said, "I'd like to be top dog, just like Pat, but we helped each other out there. Sort of complemented each other."

Tom Gatewood, the All-America end who caught Theismann for two years, did not know any more about the situation than he did before Northwestern came to town. And he would not reveal a quarterback preference.

"Anything we do will be a surprise every week," said Gatewood. "But I don't think of it as a problem for us. I like to think that we just have some quarterback depth."

The one thing that was revealed by the performances of both Steenberge and Eter is that both of them are a long way from the type of quarterback that Parseghian and Notre Dame are accustomed to. Neither looks like a potential Heisman Trophy winner, or an All-America. They aren't even wearing the magic numbers, like the No. 7 that Theismann and Huarte wore, or the No. 5 that Hanratty and Paul Hornung wore, or the No. 3 that Ralph Guglielmi and Daryle Lamontez wore. Not even a No. 9 for Bob Williams, or a No. 10 for Angelo Bertelli. And certainly not the old-fashioned No. 32 for Johnny Lujack. Steenberge is No. 11, of all things, and Eter is No. 2. But maybe this doesn't matter. This year it looks like the important Notre Dame numbers are being worn by the defense and the runners.

Besides, how *can* it matter if Notre Dame is only going to play itself most Saturdays?

END



NO ONE'S HOLDING THESE TIGERS

Paul Brown's Cincinnati Bengals roared off in defense of their division title, beating the Philadelphia Eagles 37-14 as Virgil Carter, the quarterback nobody wanted, threw three touchdown passes by **TEX MAULE**

It looks as though it may be a long time between drinks for Paul Brown. The Cincinnati Bengal coach, general manager and part owner (left), denies himself his usual predinner martini during the pro football season because he expects his players to do the same, must be thinking Super Bowl after watching his club demolish the Philadelphia Eagles 37-14 last weekend in the season opener at Riverfront Stadium. When Brown had a chance to check the other scores around the conference, a Super Bowl trip—and another month of abstinence—seemed even more feasible. Oakland and Kansas City, both contenders, lost and Miami, reputedly a strong team, was tied by lowly Denver.

While the Eagles are certainly no powerhouse, they do have a stout defense, and the young Bengals, after playing an overly cautious first half, ripped Philadelphia apart in a spectacular second half that kept 55,880 fans in an uproar.

Cincinnati's statistics were awesome: Virgil Carter completed 22 of 30 passes for 273 yards, three touchdowns and no interceptions. The running backs added 236 yards on 35 rushes for an average of 6.7 yards per carry. And Ken Anderson, the rookie quarterback from Augustana College, made good use of the couple of minutes he was in by completing two of three passes for 37 yards and running once for 16.

The play that established the Bengals' domination was the second of the third period. At that point Cincinnati was leading 10-7 and had the ball on its own 10-yard line, second and nine. Brown, as always, sent in the play.

"We thought it might work because we noted that the Philadelphia strong safety was run-conscious," Carter said after the game. "It's a play action pass.

The strong safety is supposed to help out the cornerback deep on pass coverage or come up in support against the run. So we faked Essex Johnson into the line and Speedy Thomas went right by the cornerback. The safety took the run fake, and when Thomas beat the corner he was all by himself."

Carter, who has been criticized for his inability to throw long, uncorked a perfect pass that traveled 40 or more yards in the air and hit Thomas in full stride. "It was just a footrace then," Thomas said later. "Somebody caught up with me at about the five-yard line but I stiff-armed him and went on in."

In the old days, Brown's Cleveland teams were a bit on the conservative side; now he has become a gambler. For example, in the first half the Bengals had a fourth and two on the Eagle five-yard line. In Horst Muhlmann, a German import who is one of the two or three best placekickers in the NFL, Brown had a certain three points, but he chose to go for the first down, and Fred Willis, a rookie back from Boston College, got it by half the length of the football. On the next play Carter passed to Eric Crabtree for Cincinnati's first touchdown, another unorthodox call.

Crabtree figured in still another surprising play in the fourth period after the Eagles had scored to make it 27-14. This time the Bengals were on their own 32, first and 10, a good situation for a pass, especially since Carter was throwing so well. Instead, the call was a pitch-out to Johnson, a speedster Brown often saves for use in the second half when the opposition is tired.

Crabtree's assignment was to block back on the linebacker, and he did it perfectly. Ernie Wright, a huge offensive tackle, swung wide to take out the cor-

nerback. "I heard Essex hollering, 'Run, Ernie, run,'" Wright said after the game, grinning hugely. "Heck, I was already running as hard as a 31-year-old man can. I got a piece of the back and Essex cut to the inside and he was gone." It was a beautiful, twisting run in which Johnson twice broke tackles and reversed his field three times, and it carried 68 yards for a touchdown.

While the Bengal offense provided most of the fireworks, the defense did its job, too. Spearheading a pass rush that dumped Eagle Quarterback Pete Liske three times and harassed him into three interceptions was Mike Reid, an All-America tackle from Penn State who is now in his second season. Although he missed the last three exhibition games with a knee injury, he played with a quickness and agility reminiscent of Henry Jordan during his All-Pro seasons with Green Bay. Oftener than not, Reid made a welcome mat of unfortunate Mark Nordquist, the guard who was playing on him. Reid is noted for his ability as a piano player and has given concerts with the Cincinnati Symphony. On Sunday he played Nordquist like a drum.

"I just had a good day," Reid said afterward. "I'm not big enough [6' 3", 258 pounds] to overpower people, so I depend on my quickness more than anything else. That worked for me during the first half, so I just kept trying to beat them off the line."

A knot of reporters had gathered around him, and Wright, whose locker is next to Reid's, shook his head in simulated disgust. "Get that Reid," he hollered. "Man plays 'one game in four and everybody wants to talk to him."

Everybody wanted to talk to Brown, too. "They made a few mistakes," he said, "but all young clubs make mistakes

continued

takes, and I expect them. We saw a lot of good things out there this afternoon. They showed poise and confidence. Every time it looked like the Eagles would catch up, they took the play away again."

According to Brown, the Bengals changed from tabby cats to tigers in about 11 seconds, or as long as it took Lomar Parrish to run 95 yards against the Buffalo Bills in the eighth game of the 1970 season. Cincinnati had won its opener 31-21 from Oakland with Sam Wyche at quarterback. Then it dropped six straight, including a 38-3 drubbing by Detroit and a 20-0 thumping by Washington. So when the Bengals fell behind the Bills 14-13 it seemed as though they were well on their way to last place. But Parrish returned the following kick-off for a touchdown and Cincinnati, inspired, went on to win 43-14. It also won the next six in a row and the championship of the AFC Central Division.

"Those early losses were mostly close games and we got beat by some good teams," Virgil Carter said the day before the Philadelphia game. Carter had been acquired from Buffalo for a sixth draft choice a month before the 1970 season began after being waived by the Bears, who liked his lip even less than his arm. "Things just weren't going our way," Carter added, "but we weren't getting killed. And we just weren't smart enough to know that you can't win a division title after losing six in a row."

Ernie Wright, who is one of only four players left on the team from the original veteran draft of 1968, is the elder statesman of the squad. "An old-line club would have given up after losing six straight," he said. "These kids played like they didn't know they had lost at all. They just wanted to look good. And they stayed real loose. This is always a real loose club. There never was any pressure put on us the Tuesday after we lost. Paul Brown would go over the game and point out our mistakes as a team, but he never said anything about it after that. Some coaches on a Thursday might still be saying, 'You played a bad game last week.' Not Brown."

The maturation of Carter, who took over at quarterback in the fourth game of the 1970 season, had a good deal to do with the closing surge and the Bengals' 50-1 exhibition record this year.

"He's a fine young man," Brown said one day last week as he sat in his small office at the Bengal practice field his feet on his desk. He looked happy—and far less intense than when he coached the Cleveland Browns (1946-62). "Carter is the best quarterback I have ever had at analyzing a game in progress," he went on. "When he comes off the field, he can tell me exactly what went wrong on any play, and when we check the movies later he's right. When he left the Bears the rap on him was that he couldn't throw the long ball but, believe me, he can throw as far and as accurately as any coach could want."

"I gave the Bears a lot of verbal trouble," says Carter. "So when they wanted to get rid of me they used the long-ball thing as an excuse. I can throw long, but why should I? Everybody plays zone defenses now, and if you throw into a deep zone you get intercepted. When that happened with the Bears the quarterback coach, who spent about one day a week with the team, would say, 'Virgil, don't throw interceptions!' Which is a real big help."

"If I throw an interception here, Bill Walsh, our quarterback coach, goes over the play with me in the film and points out exactly why it went wrong. He does the same thing with Ken Anderson. Walsh is as creative a man as I have ever seen and he tells you positive things. For instance, on one of our pass patterns near the goal line he showed me and Ken that the only way to complete the ball was to throw it low and to the outside of the receiver. Ken called the pattern in the exhibition game down in Miami and threw low and outside to Crabtree, and Eric caught the ball for a touchdown. If he had thrown it anywhere else, it would have been intercepted."

Carter and Anderson worked out equally at quarterback during the week leading up to the Philadelphia game. The practice sessions were short—usually an hour and 15 minutes—an old Brown custom, but more lighthearted than those he held at Cleveland. "These are kids and they like to have fun," Brown said. "I don't mind that. I'm back in football to have fun, too."

On the afternoon before the game, practice lasted only 30 minutes. Usually this practice is devoted to the special teams, but on this day Brown was work-

ing on some razzle-dazzle, including an end around and a complicated double reverse that winds up with the quarterback swinging wide and throwing deep.

Jess Phillips, a starting running back, arrived 15 minutes late, but Brown paid no attention to him. "I thought practice was for 1:30," he said sheepishly. A few minutes later Crabtree showed up with the same excuse, and Paul Robinson, the other running back, hollered, "You guys better get your watches set right. You're making Paul Brown a rich man!" (Late arrival for practice carries an automatic \$50 fine.)

Greg Cook, the starting quarterback in 1969 who sat out last season and will miss this one after two operations to correct a shoulder injury, watched the workout with Chip Myers, a wide receiver who managed to break both arms in an exhibition game.

Hanging from the side of a viaduct that overlooks the practice field was a banner reading CARTER CLUB, and Crabtree pointed it out to Cook and laughed. "What happened to all them signs used to read COOK IS BETTER THAN NAMBATH?" he asked. "Man, you been here about long enough to collect your five-year pension and you been in about four games. Guess it just proves white players can't go in the clutch."

"When I came here from San Diego," Ernie Wright had said earlier, "I didn't know if I would last 10 minutes. I know Jim Brown real well and I wasn't at all sure I could get along with Paul Brown. But everything I heard was completely wrong. He's as honest as a man can be and he treats everyone squarely. Lot of people with the power he has you can't even approach. But you can always talk to Paul Brown. Maybe you can't change his mind, but you can still talk to him. Playing for him has enriched my life and I enjoy it."

The practice was meticulously organized and went off crisply, the units operating with precision and enthusiasm. Cook shook his head. "What a difference," he said. "I remember going to the first Bengal training camp in 1968, when I was a senior at the University of Cincinnati, and being surprised at how slow and overweight the club looked. Now they're all lean and hungry. We look like a real good football team."

continued

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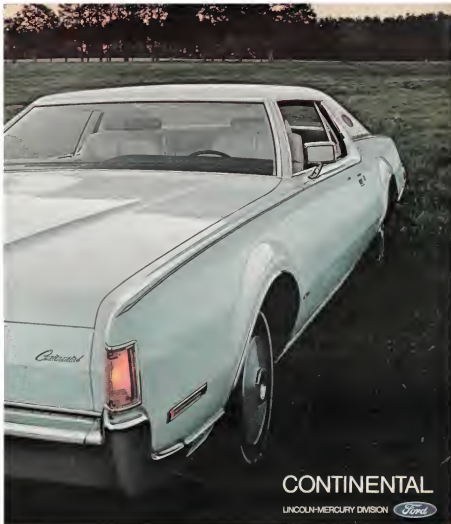


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"We are just about on the schedule I set when we started," Brown said after the practice. "I'm not like most of the other coaches in the league because I have my own money invested in this club and my sons are in the organization. [Mike Brown is the assistant general manager and Pete is director of player personnel.] I'm not trying for immediate success by trading draft choices for veterans who might be able to help me for a couple of years. We're building on youth, and that takes time. We try to have a younger player behind a veteran wherever we can. Rufus Mayes is an example of what I mean. He's in his third year and he plays behind the offensive tackle and guard. He's just 23 and by the time Ernie Wright is ready to retire Mayes will be ready to step in. We want to build for continuing success."

Brown interrupted himself, got up, leaned out the window and called to a player walking toward his car. "Take care of yourself, Sandy," he said. "I may have been a little hard on you a while ago, but it was for your own good."

Brown sat down and smiled. "Sandy Durko is one of our defensive backs," he explained. "I don't know if you noticed, but he got a little too enthusiastic in dummy scrimmage and hurt his knee hitting a receiver he shouldn't have hit at all. I emphasize to all the players that they should never take a chance on getting hurt on a Saturday. No real professional ever does. I'll never forget one year with Cleveland, the Saturday before we were to play the Detroit Lions for the world championship. Tommy O'Connell was my starting quarterback that year, but he had broken his leg earlier in the season and was stiff limping badly, so Milt Plum was the only healthy quarterback I had. At the end of practice, horsing around, Plum asked one of the players to throw him a long pass on the way to the dressing room. He was running under control, but the ball was overthrown and he accelerated all at once trying to catch it and popped a hamstring. With two crippled quarterbacks, we lost."

Last weekend, with two healthy quarterbacks, the Bengals won, and Brown was wondering how long it will be before he could have that first glorious moment. If Cincinnati keeps winning, it will be in precisely 119 days.

END

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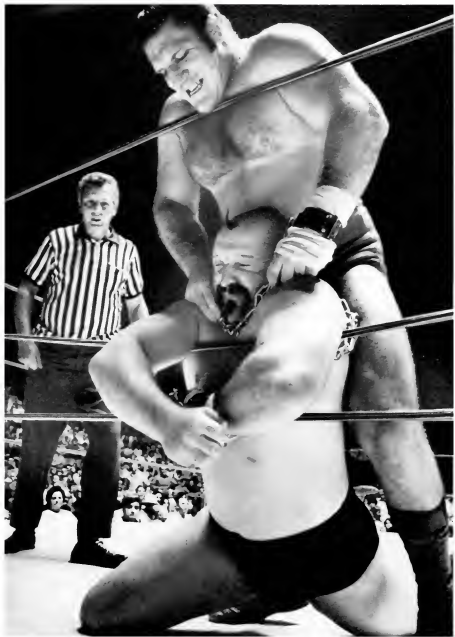
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A LITTLE AGONY, A LITTLE ECSTASY

That's the name of the game, and the man who dishes out both is Bruno Sammartino, who keeps them shrieking the world around

by LEE ALAN GUTKIND

A Pittsburgh's Civic Arena the wrestling crowd is listless. Periodically someone will scream for action, and the place will thunder with laughter when one of the combatants floors the referee, but mostly the preliminary matches are priming the spectators for Bruno Sammartino. The little old ladies are wearing bra/su buttons. A fan dressed like a bunker and sitting in a corner near the ropes can confide. "There are three pictures above the mantel at home—*The Last Supper* on the left, Jack Kennedy on the right and in the middle, Bruno Sammartino, the greatest man who ever lived!"

No wonder, then, that as Sammartino approaches the ring the lights dim and a spot spreads bright yellow across the canvas. There is silence, then an explosion of noise. People are suddenly standing and stamping their feet. Kids are shrieking, old ladies are pushing, shoving and holding cameras up high, bulbs flashing. The whole place rocks with a rhythmic pounding chant—"Bruno, Bruno, Bruno!"

Often the scheduled event is just a tag-team match; tonight it is Bruno and his

partner Dom DeNucci against Baron Siciluna and George (The Animal) Steele, a vicious-looking man with his head shaved and bushes of strawberry hair sprouting over his stomach and chest. Except for a lot of teen-agers, the crowd hates him, and, like any villain opposing Sammartino, he must be destroyed. "I can't understand," Bruno says later, "how some of those kids could like that dirty pirate Steele. He cheats and sneaks and always tries to trick you. I don't understand kids today—they don't have to cheer me, but it's sick to like Steele."

When the bell clangs, Sammartino rushes out, lifts 285 pounds of The Animal over his shoulders and dashes him to the canvas. Bruno is lightning fast, persistently charging his opponent, fighting like Joe Frazier but stooping and jumping like a gigantic toad in green shorts. The Animal crawls to his knees, begging, but Bruno lifts again and this time rockets him over the ropes and into the lap of Pennsylvania Athletic Commissioner Marion Klingensmith.

The whole arena is trembling, everyone is yelling, climbing onto chairs, grab-

continued

GIRLS' NIGHT OUT in Pittsburgh, and are they thronging the bingo parlors? No, they are crowding the Civic Arena to watch Gaillo the Mongol get his at the hands of Good Guy Bino.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT PHILLIPS

bing the person next to him. BRUNO POWER buttons and *Bravo* magazines are sailing all over the place. On the cover are two full-color portraits of Bruno. "A collector's item," the publication tells you.

A heavyset woman comes running from the third tier. She fights her way through the crowd and collapses on her belly at the edge of the ring, screaming for Bruno. A guard grabs her leg, throws her into a chair. Fights break out. And then a security guard and a Pittsburgh policeman get into a fight over who is going to break up another fight. The guard whacks the policeman with a billy club. At ringside, a lady in a red dress is standing up in her chair singing, "Goody-goody, goody-goody, goody-goody." A white-haired matron is punching her homemade George Steele doll and clutching rosary beads to her breast.

When it is over, everyone sinks back onto the metal folding chairs and lists, eyes closed, while Ring Announcer Barry Levine informs them that the winners are Steele and Scicluna. But when Steele and Scicluna leave the ring, they are attacked by two men. For protection, they kidnap a woman and drag her into the locker rooms. And, like one great mountain of rage and indignation, the crowd surges after them. It will be a long time before the great Bruno goes home tonight.

The next day there is one paragraph about the match in the Pittsburgh papers. Bruno is angry. "Sportswriters disgust me. They hardly ever write anything about wrestling, and when they do it is only to make fun or criticize."

He points to his loss of the World Wide Wrestling Federation championship to Ivan Koloff. "Sportswriters joke about me losing my belt after eight years, but do they mention my shoulder separation? I could have ended the match off, but I didn't want to disappoint my fans. I had already beaten Koloff four or five times, and if I wasn't in such pain I would have done it again.

"There was one bout with Koloff where there was a quart of blood in the ring and a writer had the nerve to say it was tomato juice. Then later I am accused of using blood capsules."

In a subsequent story, Roy McHugh of the *Pittsburgh Press* sought to illuminate that particular issue. "They don't allow blood capsules anymore," he quot-

ed Leo Porco, Pennsylvania deputy athletic commissioner, as saying. "It has to be human blood."

He also quoted former State Athletic Commissioner Paul Sullivan: "Capsules are hard to handle and splash all over. So a guy will throw another guy into a ring post or hit him with something, and the victim holds his hand above his eye as if in agony. While it's up there, he nicks himself. They have a simple way of doing it—sharpen a fingernail or use a little slice of razor blade."

But Bruno admits to no more than disdain for sportswriters. "In some cities wrestling gets good coverage only when writers get a percentage of the gate. Why pay a newspaper? I don't need any publicity. My fans will come anyway." He is really hurt, however, by the lack of official recognition in his own home town of Pittsburgh, particularly at the annual Dapper Dan banquet honoring the sportsman who has most enhanced the name of the city.

"Ask them an Australia who Danny Murtagh is," says Bruno. "Ask them in Japan about Red Manning. But ask anywhere about Bruno Sammartino and everyone will know. They honor Stan Musial because he was born near Pittsburgh. But no one in sports has done more for Pittsburgh than Bruno Sammartino, and they have never honored me with their big award."

No wonder Bruno is pained. For eight years his has been the undisputed top name in American wrestling. In 1963 he won the championship, folding Buddy Rogers into a backbreaker, a Sammartino specialty, in 47 seconds. Between that victory and his loss of the championship last January, Promoter Ace Freeman says, "Bruno really defended his title every time he fought. Somebody figured out after he lost his belt that he defended something like 1,063 times." He captured and voluntarily relinquished the world's tag-team championship eight times while protecting the singles crown.

But more impressive than his won-loss record is his attendance record. At New York's Madison Square Garden Sammartino has racked up a string of 100 consecutive sellouts, at the Boston Garden he receives a standing ovation whenever he climbs into the ring, on his last trip to the Far East he sold out more than 40 houses from Tokyo to Melbourne. There has been a Bruno Sammartino radio show and a Bruno Sam-

martino Purse at Suffolk Downs. Last year he earned \$130,000, and in the past decade he has grossed more than \$2 million.

All this, but no major award from Pittsburgh's Dapper Dan Club! Bruno consoles himself with the affection of his public: "It is wonderful to know that the fans love me as they do," he says. "After all, I am not a Clark Gable. I am not a streamlined gladiator. I am short and squat and homely. But what a beautiful experience to step in the ring and hear all the people cheer."

Sammartino, 5' 11" with a 58-inch chest, 21-inch biceps and a 38-inch waist, is a mushroom of muscle wedged into a size 36 suit. He was born 34 years ago in the village of Pratoferato in central Italy, where he played hockey from school to wrestle in the cellar of a neighbor, Giovanni Battisti. "Giovanni was once the Greco-Roman heavyweight wrestling champion," Bruno says. "He taught me everything. 'Keep your interest, Bruno,' he told me, 'and someday you will be champ.'"

"During the war I wore rags. There was no food, and we had no shoes. Our town was bombed, and I ran to the mountains with my family. It was terrifying. Then we came from Italy, when I was 15, and I mowed lawns and began doing construction work—anything I helped build half of the buildings in downtown Pittsburgh, and I could hardly speak a word of English."

When Sammartino arrived in the U.S. he did not even qualify as a 97-pound weakling. He weighed in at 93 pounds and was suffering from malnutrition, but he began lifting weights at night at the Young Men's Hebrew Association. "All through high school," he says, "I wrestled whenever I could. It was hard to get competition. I beat everybody." In 1959 he decided to solve this problem by turning professional, and 3½ years later he had the world championship.

Sammartino contends that professional wrestlers are made out to be buffoons and clowns when in fact they are the greatest of all athletes. On the one hand, critics of wrestling seem justified. Most professionals begin in high school or college, where the contest is legitimate and the action intense, but to make a career of professional wrestling they must adopt ridiculous names, wear bizarre costumes, pull punches and break rules. They become, to all appearances,

continued

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freaks or show biz, rather than athletes, and since it has been their decision, they have no cause to complain.

But Bruno also has a point. "Football and baseball players are in terrible condition," he says. "In the ring, their tongues would go down to their belly buttons. I used to idolize these men until I found out the truth. They drink, they smoke, they only train for a couple of months. Half the year they loaf. Even when playing, they only need occasional bursts of energy. But in wrestling you never rest."

Says Promoter Freeman, a former pro wrestler himself, "People think wrestling is easy, that it's just a bunch of tricks. They come to my office every day. Big men, truck drivers, mill workers. They say they're tough, they want to wrestle. But they'd get killed."

For Sammartino there have been 11 broken noses and live shattered ribs, plus messed-up collarbones, wrists, knuckles, ankles and nose stitches than he cares to remember. His elbows are crooked, his nose takes off in various directions and his ears look like shriveled plastic hugs—a reasonable condition, probably, for a man who has been wrestling five nights a week for eight years. In the interest of protecting what's left and, not incidentally, regaining the title, Sammartino works out two hours each day, exercising and lifting weights. He does not smoke, and he eats and drinks with care.

"My whole life has been tough," Sammartino says, "and everything I've accomplished has been from hard work. That's the way I want to be recognized. I pride myself on my reputation. I never drink in public. I have never been high in my life. I won't do beer commercials—it wouldn't be the Bruno that all my people know."

Some months ago, however, Sammartino was talking of retirement. "I am 34 years old and I haven't seen my 10-year-old son grow up," he said then. "I want to be more of a father to my 3-year-old twins, and when I lost the title I decided to spend some time with my family and friends."

The latter include Jimmy Durante, Nino Bonaventura and Tenor Franco Corelli ("my hero"). "They're all great guys," Bruno says, "but my best friend is Buddy DeLuca. We used to work out together. He was a milkman, but now he's the director of the physical-fitness department at my health spa."

Bruno has apparently shelved the idea of retirement, but for a moment there his public was panicky.

"It's a trick," declared a matronly fan in a red dress. "They won't let him fight for the title unless he says he's going to retire. Don't you see? With Bruno gone, wrestling is finished!"

It is fortunate that Bruno seems to have changed his mind, because the lady may be right. In the whole history of the game there have been few personalities as popular as Sammartino. Even through the middle '50s, when Don Eagle, Buddy Rogers, Argentina Rocca and Gorgeous George were the heroes of every TV-interrupted American, there was never a stronger box-office attraction than Bruno is today.

Nor is there anyone to replace him. The current heavyweight champion, Pedro Morales (who took the title from the despicable Koloff), is an unknown. George Steele, Gorilla Monsoon, Eric the Red and the Mongols (Beppo and Gesto) are acceptable only as targets for Bruno's wrath. Even the highly touted Puerto Rican champion, Victor Rivera, lacks the mystique of Bruno Sammartino.

"It wasn't really retirement," Bruno said later of his momentary lapse. "I just wanted to rest for a while."

The lady in red will be relieved to hear that, and she should know things could have been worse. Her idol happens to harbor a passion for opera. Not only does he have an opera singer for a hero, but in Philadelphia and New York Sammartino can be found leaning from a box at the Academy of Music or Lincoln Center cheering for Pughetti, Otello or Tosca. His music room is filled with the finest sound equipment and volumes of music including Caruso records dating back to 1900. "If I could only sing," he laments, "I would give up everything else. You can train yourself to wrestle, but singing is different. Without natural ability, you are nothing. I love the opera, but I sound terrible."

That is the kind of fact that limits a man's singing career to the confines of his own music room—or shower. But at least it spares the lady in red the nightmare of Bruno's dream come true: hushed crowd, Bruno Sammartino climbing between the ropes and stumbling across the spotlighted canvas. He hitches up his shiny shorts and—sings.

The lady in red would hate it. **END**

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CASTING ON A SEA OF MEMORIES

by THOMAS McGUANE

Because this was a visit and a return, I might have had the nerve, right at the beginning, to call it *Sokonnnet Point Revisited* and take my lumps on the Victorianism and sentimentality counts, though half a page of murder and sex at the end would bail that out. But one always knew from Lit I on that if you are to cultivate a universal irony, as Edmund Wilson told Scott Fitzgerald to do, you must never visit anything in your works, much less revisit—ever.

But when you go back to a place where you spent many hours of childhood, you find that some of it has become important, if not actually numinous, and that Lit I might just have to eat hot lead for the moment, because there is no way of suppressing that importance. Also, there is the fact of its being no secret anyway. A Midwestern childhood is going to show, for instance, even after you have retired from the ad agency and are a simple crab fisherman by the

sen, grave with Winslow Homer maritime wisdom. Sooner or later someone looks into your eyes and sees a flash of corn and automobiles, possibly even the chemical plant at Wyandotte, Michigan. You can't hide it.

Still, there was one thing certainly to be avoided: to wit, when you go back to the summer place everything seems so small.

You protest: "But when I got there, everything *did* seem small. . . ."



From time to time, onglng itself seems the merely ostensible goal of fishing trips. Increasingly, the athleticism of one kind of angling gives way to something emotionally more elaborate and, materially speaking, less productive. You gradually lose stones at the tackle shop, but the spirit thrives as your celebrity diminishes.

Don't say it! The smallness of that which is revisited is one of the touchstones of an egregious underground literature in which the heart is constantly wrong by the artifacts of childhood.

Students of Lit I: concentrate on all that druck on the beach that didn't used to be there, won't you? Get the usual garbage, but lay in there for the real nonbiodegradables, too. This is 1971; be sure the aluminum cans and the polystyrene crud shows up on the page. The great thing, ironies, is the stuff is really there! So, questions of falsification and literary decorum are both answered satisfactorily.

I had feared Sakonnet Point thinking, "This place is loaded with pitfalls," and

I had visualized a perfect beach of distant memory now glittering with mercury, oiled ducks, aluminum and maybe one defunct but glowing nuclear submarine. And I met my expectations at my first meal in the area: The Down East Clam Special. The cook's budget had evidently been diverted into the tourist effluvia inspired by the American Revolution that I saw in the lobby. The clams that were in my chowder and fritters and fried clams were mere shadows of their former selves, in some instances calling into question whether they had ever been clams at all.

On my plate was Lit I, in parable form, come to haunt me. I knew at that moment that I had my imaginative sights.

As a result, I actually returned to Sakonnet Point half thinking to see the whalers of the *Pegoid* striding up from their dories to welcome me. And, truly, when I saw the old houses on the rocky peninsula, they fitted the spangled Atlantic around them at exactly the equipoise that seems one of the harmonics of childhood.

I had my bass rod in the car and drove straight to Warren's Point. There was a nice shore-break surf and plenty of boiling white water that I could reach with a plug. Nevertheless, I didn't rush it. I needed a little breakthrough to make the pursuit plausible. When you are fishing on foot, you have none of the re-

continued

assurances that the big accoutrements of the sport offer. No one riding a fighting chair on a hundred-thousand-dollar John Rybovich sport-fisherman thinks about *not getting one* in quite the same terms as the man on foot.

Before I began, I could see on the horizon the spectator boats from the last day of the America's Cup heading home. The Goodyear blimp seemed as stately in the pale sky as the striped bass I had visualized as my evening's reward.

I began to cast, dropping the big surface plug, an Atom Popper, into the white water around boulders and into the tumbling backwash of waves. I watched the boats heading home and wondered if *Greel* had managed a comeback. During the day I had learned that an old friend of the family was in Fall River recovering from a heart attack and that his lobster pots still lay inside the course of the cup race. I wondered about that and cast until I began to have those first insidious notions that I had miscalculated the situation.

But suddenly, right in front of me, bait was in the air and the striped green-and-black backs of bass coarsed through it. It is hard to convey this surprise: bait breaking like a small rainstorm and, bolting through the frame minnows, perhaps a dozen striped bass. They went down at the moment I made my cast and reappeared 30 feet away. I picked up and cast again, and the same thing happened. Then the fish vanished.

I had blown the chance by not calculating an interception. I stood on my rock and rather forlornly hoped it would happen again. To my immediate right bullfish were splashing out of the water, throwing themselves up against the side of a sea-washed boulder. It occurred to me, slowly, that they were not doing this out of their own personal sense of sport. So I lobbed my plug over, made one turn on the handle, hooked a strip and was tight to the fish in a magical burst of spray. The bass raced around among the rocks and seaweed, made one dogged run toward open water, then came my way. When he was 20 feet from me, I let him hang in the trough until another wave formed. I glided the fish in on it and beached him.

The ocean swells and flattens, strikes itself abstractly with foam and changes color under the clouds. Sometimes a dense flock of gulls hangs overhead and

their snowy shadows sink into the green translucent sea.

Standing on a boulder amid breaking surf that is forming offshore, accelerating and rolling toward you *is*, after a while, like looking into a fire. It is mesmeric.

All the while I was here I thought of my Uncle Bill, who had died the previous year and in whose Sakonnet house I was staying, as I had in the past. He was a man of some considerable local fame as a gentleman and a wit. And he had a confidence and a sense of moral precision that amounted for some people to a mild form of tyranny. But for me, his probity was based almost more on his comic sense than his morality—though the latter was considerable.

He was a judge in Massachusetts. I have heard that in his court one day two college students were convicted of having performed a panty raid on a girls' dormitory. My uncle sentenced them to take his charge card to Filene's department store in Boston and there "to exhaust their interest in ladies' underwear."

He exacted terrific cautions of my cousin Fred, my brother John and me and would never, when I fished here as a boy, have allowed me to get out on the exposed rocks I fished from now. His son Fred and I were not allowed to swim unguarded, carry pocketknives or go to any potentially dangerous promontory to fish, which restriction eliminated all the good places.

And he had small blindnesses that may have been infuriating to his family, for all I know. To me, they simply made him more singular. By today's or even the standards of that day, he was rather unreconstructed, but this makes of him an infinitely more palpable individual in my memory than the adaptable nullities who have replaced men like him.

His disfigurement will be perceived in the following: he invited Fred and me to his court in Fall River. To his heretofore surprise, the first case before him was that of a 300-pound lady, the star of an all-night episode of *le sexe multiple*, and included a parade of abused sailors who passed before Fred's and my astounded eyes at the behest of the prosecution. Unreconstructed in her own way, the lady greeted the sailors with a heatfulness they could not return.

After the session for the day, my uncle spirited us to Sakonnet to think upon the virtues of nature. For us, at the time, nature was largely striped bass and

how to get them. But the verity of a fat lady and 13 sailors trapped in the bell jar of my Uncle Bill's court fought for our attention on equal footing.

I hooked another bass at the end of a long cast. Handsome: you see them blast a plug out at the end of your best throw. I landed the fish as the sun fell.

I was here during the hurricane that made the surf break in the horse pasture across the road from the house. Shingles lifted slowly from the garage roof and exploded into the sky. The house became an airplane; unimaginable plants and objects shot past its windows. The surf took out farm fences and drove projectiles of foam into the sky. My cousins and I treated it as an adventure. Uncle Bill was our guarantee against the utter feasibility of the house going underwater. And if it flooded, we knew he would bring a suitable boat to an upstairs window.

Late that day the hurricane was over, having produced delirium and chaos: lobster pots in the streets, commercial fishing boats splintered all over the rocks, yards denuded of trees and bushes, vegetation burned and killed by wind-driven salt water.

My cousin Fred and I stole out and headed for the shore, thrilled by looting stores. The rocky beach was better than we dreamed; burst tackle chests with more bass plugs than we could use, swordfish harpoons, ship-to-shore radios, marine engines, the works.

Picking through this lovely rubble like a pair of crows, we were approached by the special kind of histrionic New England lady (not Irish Catholic like us, we knew) who has got a lot of change tied up in antiques and family objects that point to her great familial depth in this part of the world. She took one look at us and called us "vile little ghouls," which rather queered it for us, neither of us knowing what ghouls were.

I kept fishing after dark, standing on a single rock and feeling disoriented by the foam swirling around me. I was getting sore from casting and jugging the plug. Moreover, casting in the dark is like smoking in the dark; something is missing. You don't see the trajectory or the splash. You don't see the surface plug spouting and spooling for trouble. But shortly I hooked a fish. It moved

continued

You expect a big car
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What impressed me so much
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is the way
they put it
together.



I always had heard about Chrysler being famous for engineering. But I had to find out for myself.

I conducted a little survey of my own among Chrysler owners. Friends. Acquaintances. Cab drivers. I never met a more enthusiastic bunch.

Then I went to Detroit. I talked to the Chrysler people. I saw how they build their cars. A few of the things I learned are on this page.



They weld their car bodies together in places where others use bolts. They believe this makes the Chrysler a better car.

After all, the less bolts you use . . . the less chance you have of something coming unscrewed. Think of that next time you go over a pothole.



The New Yorker has always been very plush inside. But what's more important is what they do to make sure it lasts.

The engineers have a thing they call the Bouncing Betty. It's a 168 pound weight they bounce up and down on the seat cushions 100,000 times. That's to make sure the seats are built to take all the times somebody gets in and out of a car. This is the kind of thing that impresses me about Chrysler.



I think the Chrysler New Yorker is a beautiful car inside and out. You can see that from the pictures here.

The one thing you can't see is the way it's built.

I watched them put these cars together. And let me say again, they've committed to building all their cars to work better and last longer than ever before. That's where they got their slogan for this year.

Coming through with the kind of car America wants.





If you think you'll miss the guys, bring them along.

We know how it is. The good times. The jokes. The horsing around. You'll miss them, right?

So, the Army doesn't want to break it up. In fact, the Army wants to accommodate you. And the guys.

If you and the guys enlist together, you can take basic training together. And we'll guarantee it. In writing.

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Your pal Joey likes wheels? We have more wheels to choose from than GM.

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Talk it over with your local Army Representative. Ask about enlisting together, training together. Or send us the coupon.

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E-mail		

very little. I began to think it was possibly a deadhead rolling in the wash. I waited, just trying to keep everything together. The steady unexcited quality of its movement began to convince me that it was not a fish. I lifted the rod sharply to see if I could elicit some more characteristic movement. And I got it. The fish burned off 50 or 60 yards, sulked, let me get half of it back and did the same again.

I began to compose the headline: LUNKERCOIN TALKS TO CHIT-OF-STATE BASSMASTER. "'I clobber them big with my top-secret technique,' claims angler-filâneur Tom McGaune of Livingston, Mont.," etc., etc.

The bass began to run again, not fast or hysterical but with the solid irresistible motion of a Euclid bulldozer easing itself into a phosphate mine. It mixed up its plays, bulling, running, stopping, shaking. And then it was gone.

When I reeled up, I was surprised that I still had the plug, though its hooks were mangled beyond use. I had been cleaned out. Nevertheless, with two good bass for the night, I felt resigned to my loss. No I didn't.

I took two more bass the next day. There was a powerful sense of activity on the shore. Pollock were chasing munnies right up against the beach. And at one sublime moment at sundown, tuna were assaulting the bait, dozens of the powerful fish in the air at once, trying to nail the smaller fish from above.

Then it was over and quiet. I looked out to sea in the last light, the white rollers coming in around me. The clearest item of civilization from my perspective was a small tanker heading north. Off-shore, a few rocky shoals boiled whitely. The air was chilly. It looked lonely and cold.

But from behind me came intimate noises: the door of a house closing, voices, a lawn mower. And, to a great extent, this is the character of bass fishing from the beach. In very civilized times it is reassuring to know that wild fish will run so close that a man on foot and within earshot of lawn mowers can touch their wildness with a fishing rod.

I hooked a bass after dark, blind casting in the surf, a good fish that presented some landing difficulties: there were numerous rocks in front of me, hard to see in the dark. I held the flashlight in my mouth, shining it first along the curve of rod out to the line and to the spot among the rocks where the line met the water, foaming very bright in the light. The surf was heavier now, booming into the boulders around me.

In a few moments I could see the thrashing bass, the plug in its mouth, a good fish. It looked radically striped and impressive in the backwash.

I guided the tired striper through the rocks, beached him, removed the plug and put him gently into a protected pool. He righted himself and I watched him breathe and fin, more vivid in my light beam than in any aquarium. Then abruptly he shot back into the foam and out to sea. I walked into the surf again, looking for the position, the exact placement of feet and tension of rod while casting that had produced the strike.

One of my earliest trips to Sakonnet included a tour of The Breakers, the Vanderbilt summer palazzo. My grandmother was with us. Before raising her large family she had been among the child labor force in the Fall River mills, the kind of person who had helped make really fun things like palazzos at Newport possible.

Safe on first by two generations, I dived around the lugubrious mound, determined to live like that one day. Over the fireplace was an agate only slightly smaller than a fire hydrant. It was here that I would evaluate the preparation of the bass I had taken under the cliffs by the severest methods: 11-foot Calcutta casting rod and handmade block-tin squid. The bass was to be brought in by the fireplace, *garni*, don't you know; and there would be days when the noble fish was to be consumed in bed. Many, many comic books would be spread about on the counterpane.

We went on to Sakonnet. As we drove I viewed every empty corn or potato field as a possible site for the mansion. The Rolls Silver Ghost would be parked to one side, its leather backseat slimy from loading striper.

The sun came up on a crystalline fall day: blue sky and delicate glaze. I hiked down the point beach, along the red ridge of rock, the dense heath scrub with its underedge of absolute shadow. As I walked I drove speeding clusters of sanderlings before me. If I did not watch myself, there would be the problem of sentiment.

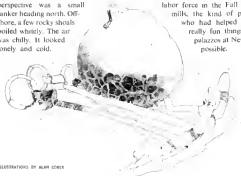
When I got to the end and could see the islands with their ruins. I could observe the narrow, glittering tidal rip like an oceanic continuation of the rocky ridge of the point itself.

A few days before, the water had been cloudy and full of kelp and weed, especially the puffs of iodine-colored stuff that clung tenaciously to my plug. Today, though, the water was clear and green with waves rising translucent before whitening onto the hard beach. I stuck the butt of my rod into the sand and sat down. From here, beautiful houses could be seen along the headlands. A small farm ran down the knolls with black-and-white cattle grazing along its tilts. An American spy was killed by the British in the farm's driveway.

My cousin Fred came that evening from Fall River and we fished. The surf was heavier and I hooked and lost a fish very early on. There were other bass fishermen out, bad ones mostly. They trudged up and down the shore with their new rods, not casting but waiting for an irresistible sign to begin.

When it was dark, Fred, who had waded out to a far rock and who periodically vanished from my view in the

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALAN COLE



spray, hooked a fine haw. After some time, he landed it and made his way through the breakers with the fish in one hand, the rod in the other.

On my previous nights I had gotten a fish on my last cast of the evening. I made one more tonight and got nothing. I kept casting, hoping to take a haw on my last cast. Nothing. And my time had almost run out.

It is assumed that the salient events of childhood be inordinate. During one of my first trips to Sakonnet, a trap boat caught an enormous oceanic sunfish, many hundred pounds in weight. A waterfront entrepreneur who usually sold crabs and tarred handlines bought the sunfish and towed it to the beach in an enclosed wooden wagon where he charged 10¢ admission to see it. I was an early sucker—and a repeater. In some primordial way the sight seems to have taken like a vaccination: I remember very clearly ascending the wooden steps into the wagon whose windows let water-reflected light play over the ceiling.

One by one we children goggled past the enormous animal laid out on a field of ice. The huge lolling discus of the temperate and tropical seas met our stares with a cold eye that was not less soulful for being the size of a hubcap.

Many years later I went back to Sakonnet on a December afternoon as a specific against the torpor of school. I was walking along the cove beach when I saw the wagon, not in significantly worse repair than when I had paid to get in it. And, to be honest, I never made the connection that it was the same wagon until I stepped inside.

There on a dry iceless wooden table lay the skeleton of the ocean sunfish.

It seemed safe to conclude in the face of this utterly astounding occasion that I was to be haunted. Accommodating myself to the fish's reappearance, I adjusted to the unforeseeable in a final way. If I ever opened an elevator door and found that skeleton on its floor, I would step in without comment, finding room for my feet between its ribs, and press the button of my destination.

At the end of a fishing trip you are inclined to summarize in your head. A tally is needed for the quick description you will be asked for: so many fish at such and such weights and the method employed. Inevitably, what actually happened is indescribable.

END



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WITH A QUACK, QUACK HERE

Don O'Brien is a fanatic about wildfowl. But if his prize-winning collection of decoys seems out of this world, you should observe some of his hunting habits **by ROBERT H. BOYLE**

The flagpole sways, and the wind rips the small-craft warning into shreds. The sea is an insane lather of whitecaps. Far to the east of Long Island Sound, the red edge of the sun slides over the horizon, flashing bolts of fire on the windowpanes of houses along the coast. Four miles out lies the granite-black seawall, slick with onionskin ice. The temperature is below 30°, and the forecast calls for continuing northwest winds. It is a time and place for normal persons to avoid, but Donald O'Brien Jr. arrives at the launching ramp with his boat, peers at the distant seawall and exclaims, "Gee, I can hardly wait to get out there!"

O'Brien is a duck hunter, a fanatic duck hunter. He loves ducks with such passion that a nephew calls him Uncle Duck. His decoy collection is one of the best in the country, and he himself is a superb amateur decoy maker whose carvings have won a number of best-in-shows at national and world championships. He is an excellent shot, and he trains tough, willing retrievers. A black Lab that he raised and sold, Whynin Cork's Coot, has twice won the National Open Retriever Championship. For O'Brien, ducks have a magic that other creatures lack. When he shoots one, he does not toss it aside but smooths the feathers in admiration. When his wife and four children are asleep in their house in New Canaan, Conn., and the snow lies thick on the ground, O'Brien likes to slip out of the house to look at the birds in the moonlight.

By profession, O'Brien is a lawyer, a partner in a Wall Street law firm. "It's great to be able to come home from the office on a Friday night and know that at 4:30 Saturday morning I'm going to be getting up to shoot on the Sound,"



he says. "Duck hunting is very physical and very basic to me. I like the whole thing, feeling the cold, picking up the decoys, and when I am home on Sunday and think about what I did on Saturday, I'm revitalized and prepared to go back to the office to be civilized for five days." For a good part of the season, O'Brien risks his life getting revitalized for the office.

Shooting from the seawalls in the Sound ranks among the most dangerous pastimes known to American sportsmen. Some hunters get badly frostbitten, and others just disappear. Shooting off the coast of Maine can be risky, but usually there is a lobsterman or a fisherman around. In November, December and January, the Sound is a vast, blank piece of water exposed to the wind and waves with only ducks—and duck shooters—on the move; the sailors and fishermen have retired to the fireside. It is a hard trip out to the icy rocks, and one misstep into the chilling water can mean death, but for O'Brien the seawalls hold an unmatchable spell, although he admits, "I have a ball of fear in my stomach every time I go out."

A couple of years ago O'Brien and a friend, Bob Johnson, embarked at dawn for the four-mile run to one of the walls. The weather was rough, but they made the trip safely. With O'Brien bouncing up and down in the 16-foot outboard,

Johnson clambered onto the rocks. He reached for an oar held by O'Brien to pull the boat in close but a swell rocked the boat and Johnson slipped into 60 feet of water. When he spluttered to the surface, O'Brien grabbed him by the scruff of the parka and pulled him into the boat. "It was freezing cold, about 10°," O'Brien recalls, "and I think Bob went into shock. He couldn't function. He was lying on the bottom of the boat. I told him to put his boots up in the air to drain the water. But he didn't have the strength."

O'Brien gunned the boat back to the ramp. He threw over the anchor, jumped out, ran ashore, got into his car and drove the trailer into the water. He climbed back into the boat, pulled in the anchor, started the engine and ran the boat straight up onto the trailer. He then got into the car and pulled the boat ashore, where he got Johnson out of it and out of his clothes. "I took my clothes off and gave them to him," O'Brien says. "I was left with long Johns and hip boots."

O'Brien took Johnson to a diner where he downed four or five cups of coffee. "He was absolutely gray and shaking," says O'Brien. "At nine o'clock we went into a package store, me in my long Johns and hip boots, and Bob all dressed up and walking like Frankenstein. The guy in the liquor store literally thought something was going to happen to him. He was scuttling along the walls, and I remember saying, 'Don't worry, we're not going to harm you, we're not going to rob your store, we're duck hunters, and this guy fell in.' We got a bottle of brandy, Bob drank it, and at 12 o'clock we were back on the wall, shooting."

Now 37, O'Brien was born in New



GREATER YELLOWLEGS, carved by the painterful A. Elmer Crowell of Cape Cod, has a detailed bill and wings and a superb coat of paint.

York City. He became interested in ducks when he was five, and by the time he was 10 and began shooting with his father, he could identify every duck he saw. He even picked his prep school—Hotchkiss—and his colleges—Williams and the University of Virginia—for the hunting and fishing to be found around them. While in law school, O'Brien, who had a fondness for painting but no time, seriously started carving decoys because he could whittle away at a head between classes.

"The first thing I do in making a decoy is to draw the duck I have in mind," O'Brien says. "I'm working on a black duck now, and I decided I wanted a low head. I sketch to scale, and I may make 20 or 30 sketches, all free-hand, and usually without a model in front of me. When I get something that appeals to me, I'll cut it out for my pat-

continued



HEN BLUEWING TEAL, carved by O'Brien, won best-in-show for amateurs at the U.S. National Decoy Show on Long Island.

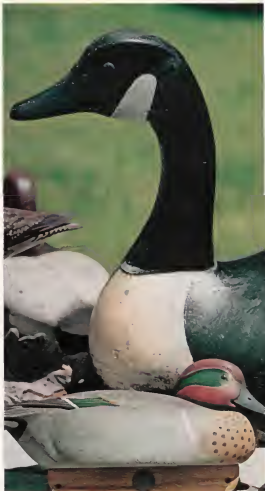
tern." When all goes well, it takes O'Brien about half a day to make a shooting decoy and two days for a contest bird.

In 1966 O'Brien entered his first contest, the U.S. National on Long Island. He won best-in-show in the amateur decorative miniature class, an award he has won on two subsequent occasions. He prefers, however, to concentrate on the working-decoy division, the division in which there is the most competition. He was the U.S. National amateur champion in working decoys in 1969 and regained the title this year. In addition, he has won best-in-shows in 1969 and 1970 in the Maine contest and, this past June, in the first world championship, he won best-in-show in the working-decoy class and in the class for working-decoy pairs. Decoy contests are like dog shows in which classes are judged and the winners compete for best-in-show, and along the line O'Brien has won dozens of best-in-class.

O'Brien also brings a most practiced eye to decoy collecting. The art of decoy making is uniquely American, which is one of the attractions to O'Brien. "I get hooked on things that are purely American," he says.

The classic period of decoy making began in the mid-19th century with the advent of the breech-loading shotguns. In those days there was a seemingly inexhaustible supply of waterfowl and an expanding and hungry populace. The period ended, says Historian William J. Mackey Jr., a friend of O'Brien's and author of *American Bird Decoys*, with the passage in 1918 of the Migratory Bird Treaty, which put a stop to market hunting. Perhaps the finest decoys were carved by Albert Laing and his followers of the Stratford, Conn. school. To O'Brien, Laing, who died in 1886, was "a Michelangelo," and O'Brien's collection includes a number of gems by Laing, among them: a black, a canvasback, a sleeping broadbill and a drake whistler in a tuck-head position.

O'Brien also has a number of decoys by Benjamin Holmes, Shang Wheeler, who died in 1949, and other members of the Stratford school. "The Stratford decoy tends to be a little bit oversized," says O'Brien, "always hollow, except for



OVERSIZED GOOSE by Joe Lincoln is almost four feet long and was used on Cape Cod. In foreground is O'Brien's greylag teal.

the cork bird, with the head its finest feature. The head is very realistic, tends to be quite puffy in the cheek and always has considerable detail in the bill. It's a sleek bird, not cluttered up. There is no wing carving, no feather carving. There is usually a crease down the back separating the wings, and in the cork bird the tail is frequently inland. Stratford decoys catch the overall impression of ducks. They're full-bodied, tapering to a flat bottom. They're not round like Jersey decoys. The Stratford birds had to take rough weather and big seas, and a dew-drop weight was normally used instead of a keel. I consider myself in the Stratford school, though a lot of my decoys are made with keels."

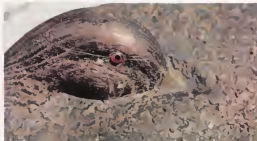
A friend, Tom Marshall, a former fieldman for Ducks Unlimited, admires O'Brien's carvings but deprecates the keels as unnecessary. In turn, O'Brien is dismayed at Marshall's continued use of a number of original Shang Wheeler decoys in his working rig. In a voice somewhat reminiscent of Titus Moody's, Marshall says, "Shang made 'em to hunt over, not look at."

O'Brien's collection is very strong on New England shorebirds, especially decoys from Nantucket. "From a collecting standpoint, I enjoy the shorebirds

continued



DRAKE GOLDEN EYE, head in tuck position, and the black duck (below) were done by Stratford masters Albert Laing and Shang Wheeler.



USED A CENTURY AGO, THIS CHUNKY BROADBILL DRAKE BY ALBERT LAING MAKES DECOY COLLECTORS SIGH



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more than the ducks," he says. The gem of the shorebird collection is a set of six Eskimo carvings that O'Brien acquired several years ago from a friend who is a seventh-generation Nantucketer. Now believed to be extinct, the Eskimo carver was avidly hunted on Nantucket during the 19th century. All told, O'Brien's decoy collection, displayed in a special room built onto his house, numbers perhaps 600 birds. It includes decoys from Connecticut, Chesapeake Bay (some of these are by Lee Dudley—"one of the greats"), Cape Cod, Maine, and Long Island. The collection is genuinely staggering to see. O'Brien first met Kenny Gleason, one of his hunting companions, when Gleason happened to come to the house to fix the phone. "When Gleason saw the decoys," O'Brien says, "we couldn't get him out of the house."

"There's a tremendous excitement in decoy collecting," O'Brien says. "There's a whole mystique to it. I never forget where good decoys are. Once I was on a trip up to Maine, and I stopped for gas. There was a sporting-goods store across the street, and in the window there were a number of Maine decoys, including a couple of mergansers. They were just like Tiffany jewels. I went in to talk—I use a soft approach, and this may cost me at times—but the owner wouldn't sell. I made two or three trips, all the way to Maine, but the owner still wouldn't sell. Last fall I put 60 decoys in my car, good decoys, and drove up to Maine. It took me 20 minutes to put all 60 on the floor, and after I finished I said to the owner, 'Now you suggest a trade.' He stepped back, looked and finally said, 'Oh, you win.' We made a trade. I got the mergansers, and he got three very good birds in return."

O'Brien's year begins the first week in October when he goes to New Brunswick, to shoot black duck and teal. In mid-October the season opens in Connecticut, and he begins shooting surface feeders—blacks, mallards, teal and widgeon—in marshes and on the Sound. His working rig generally consists of 36 absolutely stunning black ducks that he carved himself. Hunting inland marshes, he will use as few as two or three decoys because the clever blacks would be wary of a large rig in a small area. "I

try to simulate the wild-duck situation," O'Brien says. Also, more things can go wrong with a big set in the marshes.

"When the inland water freezes over," O'Brien continues, "the ducks start to use the open water. Then I work with a fairly large rig of two to three dozen. You're trying to attract birds from a long distance. When we shoot from the seawalls where the birds feed on the rocks, I try to have a few decoys right close in. Some of these will be feeding decoys with the bills in the water. There will be other decoys 20 or 30 yards out, in a dew-drop shape. I try to leave something open in the middle, though that's not important for the black duck, which can land on a dime. Finally, I'll have some stringers or liners out of range. Three or four of my black ducks have high necks. They're watch birds. Few of the commercial decoys have high necks, but you watch blacks. There will always be a few with high necks. That's an alert bird, and I'll usually have a couple out in the middle of the rig, and the last high-neck bird will have a comfortable low-neck bird in front of him."

To O'Brien, the black duck is a marvelous duck. "They're the warriest," he says, "and you tend to be happier with fewer. They're very coordinated in the air and seem much more in control of what they're doing than the broadbill or canvasback."

When the first half of the split season closes in Connecticut in late October, O'Brien hunts for grouse and woodcock. In early December he begins duck hunting again. By now weather conditions have made the Sound perilous, and the best shooting is when the water is at its icy worst.

Late in January, O'Brien and his friends do most of their shooting from heave boats anchored a few hundred yards from the lee shore where they try to hold steady in the calmer sea. "We'll put out a lot of broadbill decoys," he says. "The last day of last season, we put out about 100. Broadbill are very sociable birds—they like a lot of company. A very good setup is shaped like a fishhook. You follow the shank of the hook, come around to the barb and extenuate the barb."

"One of the great sights is the broadbill coming in. They'll come in quite high, and they'll see the rig. They'll spill the

wind right out of their wings. They come down incredibly fast, and the next thing you know they're boring right in at you and landing right there in the hollow of the hook. All you see is black. The black head and the black chest. We let them come until they're not going to want to come anymore. Then we sit up and those birds go into a flare, and they really are moving. All of a sudden they turn from black into a tremendous pattern of black and white, and if the sun's out, they're really beautiful."

When the broadbill season ends on Jan. 31, O'Brien is depressed, though his wife Kate, headmits, "really has had her fill of it." But February and March are not lost time. In those months O'Brien does most of his serious contest carving for the U.S. National, which is held in mid-March. He spends hours studying his heads, going so far as to put them on the dashboard of his car so that he can study details on the drive to and from his office. "Another reason I drive to New York is so I can look out the window and watch the ducks," he says. "Even along the Harlem River by the Columbia boathouse, I see canvasback, broadbill and black duck."

In April, O'Brien forgets about ducks momentarily when he starts trout fishing. He has his own trout stream on his property and for a number of years he was entranced with the idea of breaking the world record for brook trout. But come summer, when O'Brien and his family vacation on Nantucket, he gets back to his carving, making decoy heads on the beach when the strippers and blues aren't hitting.

In September, O'Brien is busy getting ready for duck hunting. As befits a hunter of his ardor, he usually has several retrievers about the house. He trains them himself, but during the summer he may ship a dog off to a professional trainer for polishing. In the 1960s O'Brien competed in retriever field trials, and although he did well, it simply took too much time from real shooting.

O'Brien's passion for ducks has not gone unnoticed at his law firm. In a skit at the office party last Christmas, a young associate played the part of O'Brien dressed up in hunting clothes. O'Brien didn't complain. In fact, he wasn't around at the time; he was off on a duck hunt in Texas. **END**

For two and a half years Carl E. Kilborn, president of the Illinois State Beekeepers Association, has been buzzing around trying to get the Government to issue a commemorative stamp for the honeybee. Kilborn was stung recently when a postage stamp was issued in behalf of bowling, and he said so in a letter to Postmaster General **Winton M. Bloss**. "I am puzzled," he wrote, "as to why a citizens' advisory committee would give a man-made object such as the bowling ball priority over the world's most useful insect."

♦ Mr. Kilborn might get a clue from this recent scene at the Executive Office Building, where **Richard Milhous Nixon** showed off his presidential alley skills last week. The President rolled only two balls—the first one went into the gutter, the second down the middle for a strike. Said Mr. Nixon, "I'm going to out while I'm ahead." Whoops. Take another look, Mr. President. The only thing you're ahead of right here is the foul line.

After 30 years, **Ziggy the Elephant** is getting sprung from solitary. Ziggy, who lives at Brookfield Zoo near Chicago, is now

the oldest (54), largest (13,440 pounds) and probably grouchyest pachyderm in captivity. Back in 1941 he threw one of his keepers to the ground four times, establishing a new Brookfield record. That landed Ziggy in isolation, where he's been ever since. Three years ago a group of elephant lovers raised \$46,000 to build an outdoor pen for Ziggy, so he can get some fresh air when he wants to. The pen has big steel doors and walls that are painted sky blue, which will soon be decorated with murals of Asian footballs. Says **Dr. Peter Crowcroft**, the zoo director: "Ziggy can now spend the rest of his life under very pleasant conditions." Maybe so, but Dr. Crowcroft might want to reconsider those Asian footballs. Supposed Ziggy doesn't like footballs.

Conductor **Erich Leinsdorf** showed up in Houston the other day to begin rehearsals for the opening of the local symphony season, but music took second fiddle to another Leinsdorf love: baseball. "I'm an old Dodger fan from way back," he said. "And I like to see good pitchers, amazing pitchers like that fellow Blue." Aw, Erich, Rhapsody to Blue in the Astron's own backyard? Shame on you



♦ **Leroy (Satchel) Paige** has had quite a summer. First, he made the Baseball Hall of Fame, and now here he is out on the tennis courts at a sports celebrity tournament in the Catskills, fogging them in there. Well, maybe not exactly fogging them, but at least keeping them in play and serving with a distinctive side-arm delivery. So he didn't win. "I played baseball winter and summer for 40 years," said Satch. "When did I ever have time to play tennis?"

A bunch of the boys were whooping it up in a Manhattan tower last week just before the Buchanan-Laguna fight at Madison Square Garden. The boys? Well, **Carmen Basilio**, **Joey Giardello**, **Jake LaMotta** and **Willie Pep**, to name a few of the exiting celebrities who gathered to reminisce. Between rounds of coffee and cake, Pep began philosophizing on the state of the art. "The trouble with the fight game is Vietnam," opined Pep. "After every war we get a whole bunch of good fighters. You end the war and get these guys home and you'll see."

Here we go with the name game again. Would you believe a 340-

pound tackle at Southern Methodist named **D. Nady**? Why not, you ask? Well, then, how about his brothers (yup) **X**, and **J**?

And then there's Air Force Academy fullback **Kevin Brennan**, whose name problem is all relative. Brennan is the brother of **Terry Brennan**, the former Notre Dame coach. The Brennan boys are, however, nephews of former Notre Dame fullback **Johnny Lattner**, who won the 1953 Heisman Trophy when he played halfback at South Bend and who now runs a restaurant in Chicago. One member of Kevin Brennan's squadron at the Academy is Cadet **Johnny Lattner** from Dubuque, Iowa, who is not related to either the Brennans or the other Johnny Lattner. Not to ex-Coach Brennan. Got all that?

Breakthrough-of-the-Week award goes to **Dr. Steve Thorpe** of the British National Institute of Oceanography, who has found a Loch Ness monster that is not really a monster at all. It is a big wave rolling under the surface that just acts like one. It takes 56 hours to travel across, and is reinforced by a strong wind that blows every 2½ days. Sure, Doc. And it has red eyes and little green feet and . . .

Last week, while his grandfather, the King, was off on vacation, Sweden's Crown Prince **Carl Gustaf** took over as acting monarch and promptly got his country rolling again. A sports car buff who has not been seen riding a bicycle in years, the prince nevertheless climbed aboard a two-wheeler in Stockholm and led the field through part of the first lap of a bike race, pulling nimbly aside after 850 meters and letting the 60-odd competitors pedal past. Look, it's better than staging a coup.



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Corvair Rally Sport



Suburban



Nova Coupe



Sportvan



Chevelle Coupe

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Two scoring machines collide with a plink

Arizona State led the nation in total offense last year and Houston averaged 30 points a game, so naturally when they met, with the scoreboard braced for the worst, the result was a comparative defensive classic

This was the game that was supposed to be figured with adding machines: Arizona State and Houston, a couple of clubs from cactus country with enough collective speed to field their own Olympic track team. Speed? Shoot, neither one of them would let you carry water unless you could lug that bucket 40 yards in less than five seconds. They both think a sustained march is running a punt back 80 yards for a score. Or a 15-yard dive play followed by a 65-yard touchdown pass. Everything else is a yawn. Last season Arizona State, the new kid among major college powers, laughingly thumped 11 rivals 405 to 148, which brought its four-year point total to a staggering 1,552. The Sun Devils modestly bill themselves as the fastest guns in the West. They mean *winning* guns. And over the same four-year period, Houston, which has been known to hite off yardage in chunks of 99, was burning people for 1,476 points. Merely thinking about playing one of them was enough to send a defensive coach scurrying into the insurance business.

Which was a thought that playfully crossed the mind of Boh Owens, Arizona State's defensive backfield coach, as he studied the films of Houston's 23-21 opening victory over Rice two weeks ago. "Man," he said, shaking his head, "they just explode. The options and the dives are what make their Veer offense go, so our secondary knows it has to give good run support. But when Houston scores, it scores on the pass. So how much run support can we give?"

"Do you think our defense can stop them?" asked Offensive Coach Don Baker.

"Can you score 28 points?" said Owens grinning. "If you can, I think we can hold them to 27."

For Arizona State, this was as much more than just another football game. For the first time in history the Sun Devils tasted the heady wine of the Top Ten last season, but they knew if they lost to Houston they would not get up there again. At

least not this year. "When you play in the Western Conference," said Head Coach Frank Kush, the ex-All-America middle guard from Michigan State, "you can't lose to an outsider and not expect to get buried. We lose to Houston and we won't see the Top 20 again no matter what else we do."

National recognition has come hard to Arizona State for a fistful of reasons. For one, the prestige of the Western Conference does not exactly match the Big Ten's. And then there is the time-zone factor. Because of the heat, the Sun Devils play most of their games at night, and by the time they finish, all of the writers east of the Rockies are either asleep or at work on a bedtime Scotch. Arizona State can't even get its scores in the Sunday papers. TV exposure is just one step better than a total blackout. When the Sun Devils get it, which is seldom, it is always regional, and their region covers just 3.8% of the national population. ABC offered to do the Houston game regionally, but said it would have to be scheduled in the daytime. "In 105° heat?" asked the Arizona State people. "No, thank you." And so, after finally finding themselves listed among the Nebraskas and the Notre Dames, and not about to let go easily, Arizona State was hard-eyed and mean when Houston showed up in Tempe last Saturday night.

State had the guns to defend itself. Leading the speed was sophomore Halfback Woody Green, a 9.5 sprinter. And then there were 14 or 15—with that many, who counts?—others listed at 9.9 or faster, including two split ends, a few flankers, the entire secondary and enough running backs to fill a couple of relay teams. And for muscle there were people like Junior Ah You, a 218-pound defensive end from Hawaii who does fire and knife dances, when he is not trying to squash enemy quarterbacks, and Ted Olivo, a 212-pound senior middle guard known as Squatty Body. "Coach says we should always think of a quarterback's head as a grape," said Ah You, grinning. "And

that our objective is to pluck the grape from the stem."

"That Ah You is just plain vicious," said Squatty Body with great respect.

But for all the talent, Kush found himself looking forward to Houston with something less than optimism. "I am afraid that after all our talk about national recognition we are now going to have to stand up and pull up our boots," he said. "We've got three receivers who are as good as any in the country, but we haven't got a quarterback who can get the ball to them. I'll match our runners against any set anywhere, but I don't think our offensive line is big enough to block for them. Against Houston, we'll be giving away about 20 pounds a man. Even the greatest runner has got to have some kind of a hole to run through."

Until two weeks ago, Kush had a quarterback, Danny White, a tall, slender sophomore who can throw hullers. But during a scrimmage White fell and suffered a slight shoulder separation, and he had not been able to do more than lob soft passes since. Behind White there was nobody.

"We thought we could get outside Houston with the option, but now we can't even do that," Kush said. "I don't want Danny to get hurt any more than he is. And he can't throw the passes that can beat Houston, the hooks and curls about 15 yards out. You have to drill the ball on those, and he can't."

"What are you going to do?" someone asked him jokingly. "Give up?"

"We've got one chance," Kush said. "We'll throw three sets of backs against them. Two sets at least. We'll try and sustain a big running game by keeping our backs fresh. And we'll have Danny throw some short action passes. He can dump those. We'll send our receivers deep until Houston discovers he can't throw the ball that far. Maybe that will keep them honest for a while. It's not much, but it's the best we can do."

And so in the cool of evening (92°) Ar-

continued

izona State, boots pulled up, and Houston, Veeer in gear, take the field, the nation's two offensive giants. So naturally at the end of the first quarter the score is 0-0. State's one drive ends with a fumble, something that happened 33 times last year, and the Houston machine can gain only 14 yards in nine plays, failing to make a single first down. But early in the second quarter Houston converts an intercepted pass into a touchdown, and by the end of three quarters the visitor's lead is up to 17-7. It hardly seems to matter when Houston's Sandy McCreo just misses a 32-yard field goal. In this defensive struggle, surely 10 points is enough.

Then, with the Cougars again on the move in the final period, Junior Ah You gets to pluck his grape. He slams into Quarterback Gary Mullins, forcing a fumble that teammate Richard Gray happily recovers at the Houston 36. Cranked up, Arizona State scores in two plays, a 29-yard White-to-Joe Petty pass and Brent McClanahan's twisting seven-yard scramble. White racks on two points with a pass to Steve Holden, and suddenly it is 17-15. A few moments later Arizona State gets the ball and zips to a fourth and one at the Houston 21. In comes field-goal kicker Don Ekstrand, a 27-year-old Army veteran. Oops. Out goes Ekstrand. The ball is handed to Woody Green, who goes nowhere, and Houston takes over. There is less than six minutes to play.

Arizona State gets one more chance. Houston runs the clock down to 2:32 but then has to punt. The Sun Devils have the ball on their own 24. Eight plays later, with a minute to go, they are at the Houston 19. Arizona State jumps offense. They are at the 24 with 36 seconds left. Arizona State jumps offense. They are at the 29 with 53 seconds to play.

Kush sends in a special play, the 100-yard X, which when translated from football terminology means, the next guy that jumps offense I'll kill. Then, after White throws one last incomplete pass, and with only 19 seconds and no timeouts left, Kush sends in Ekstrand. This time he stays in.

When the ball leaves his foot at the 36 it is mush; a dying quail, low, wobbly, line-drive slice. At the goal line the ball seems to shudder and go on, like an old man climbing a steep hill. At the

crossbar, it sighs, inches itself over and drops dead. Arizona State wins 18-17. Welcome, Sun Devils, forever to the land of Notre Dame and Texas and Nebraska. Or at least for a while.

THE WEEK

by JOE JARES

WEST

1. ARIZONA STATE (1-0)
2. WASHINGTON (2-0)
3. STANFORD (2-0)

Just about everybody who lives within sight of Mount Rainier is depressed about Seattle's economy, yet more season tickets for University of Washington football games have been sold than ever before. The reason is the remarkable Cherokee quarterback with the rapid release, Sonny Siskiller, who led the nation in passing in 1970. Last Saturday he was in rare form. In a table-tennis match with Purdue, the Huskies trailed 14-7, 21-17, 28-24 and 35-31, but Siskiller kept bringing them back, the last time with less than four minutes left on a five-play, 71-yard drive that finally beat the Boiler-makers 38-35. Somebody will have to write a new stanza for that Seattle disc jockey hit, *Ballad of Sonny Siskiller*.

In all, Siskiller hit 24 of 48 throws for 387 yards, 27 more than the school record he set last season against Oregon State. The Huskies' aerial attack is considerably improved because not only do they have Jim Krieg catching passes, but they have added a talented split end, Tom Scott, from a California junior college. Scott nabbed six for 160 yards and two touchdowns and ran 69 yards for another score on an end-around when Purdue had the ball. Otis Armstrong and Gary Danielson were seemingly running and passing at will. "It was a great game for the fans," said Purdue's Bob DeMoss, "but not so good for coaching."

Another quarterback was having fun in Los Angeles, this time on the ground. Eddie Phillips of Texas, ignoring a pulled hamstring that had bothered him for two weeks, was masterful in running the Washburn-T as he led the Longhorns to a 28-10 win over UCLA. In the fourth quarter Texas kept the ball more than six minutes on an 87-yard, 15-play drive—the longest march since Mao's. UCLA Coach

Pepper Rodgers put a "supergreat" label on Phillips. But it is a good thing Texas does not pass. Phillips threw nine times, had only one completion and three interceptions, all by the Bruins' mis-sized safety, Ron Carver.

Last year it was Phillips who threw a 45-yard touchdown pass to beat the Bruins in the final 12 seconds at Austin. "Eddie hasn't run in a week and a half until today," Coach Darrell Royal disclosed. "For a full week he didn't do a lick. Since then he hasn't gone full speed. Although he's executed our offense, it was all dummy." It certainly wasn't dummy in the Coliseum.

Oregon State fumbled and lost the ball six times and suffered four interceptions but still managed to whip hapless Iowa 33-19. Beaver Coach Dee Andros clutched the game ball in one of his chubby hands and said, "There's one. We're gonna get 10 more just like it." With all those fumbles, he should have held it with both hands.

West Virginia Fullback Pete Wood was stymied by California's line, and the Mountaineer passing attack could not take up the slack as the Golden Bears won 20-10 behind first-year Quarterback Jay Cruise. Oregon Tailback Bobby Moore rushed for 249 net yards and caught three passes for 89 more as the Ducks edged Utah 36-29. Aptly named Golden Richards scored his third punt-return touchdown in two games against Colorado State as BYU walked to a 54-14 win in Provo. Utah State beat New Mexico State 34-0, mainly because its alert secondary made five interceptions.

SOUTHWEST

1. TEXAS (1-0)
2. ARKANSAS (2-0)
3. HOUSTON (1-1)

Arkansas Coach Frank Broyles sees a pattern emerging and he loves it. There are 54,176 partisan Razorback fans in the stadium, and they go wild as Joe Ferguson and his Clean Machine beat the clock to score a touchdown just before halftime and turn a seesaw game into a runaway. Against Cal with 2:20 left in the half, Ferguson passed the Hogs 80 yards down the field to a TD, and they went on to win 51-20. With 2:27 on the clock in the second period against fired-up Oklahoma State Saturday, Ferguson completed five of five passes for 57 yards, was helped by a pass-interference call and sent Tailback Jon Richardson in for the touchdown. Ar-

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kansas went on to win 31-10. "Arkansas is a strong team," said DSU Coach Floyd Gass. "Ferguson is a great passer. He's got the best timing and throws better than any quarterback I've ever seen." Well, how would he compare to Razorback star Bill Montgomery, who set all sorts of records in 1968-70? Said Gass, "That wouldn't be fair—to Montgomery."

Playing in a driving rain in Houston, USC used a "five-zone" defense against Rice. Linebackers Charles Anthony and Willie Hall picked up the Dwl receivers as they came out of the backfield, and the strategy helped force the Rice quarterbacks into five interceptions. "It was something we didn't expect at all," said Rice's Bruce Gadd, who threw three of the misplaced passes. "They didn't use it last week against Alabama, but, of course, Alabama didn't pass the way we did." The Trojans wisely stuck to short passes and used their big running backs to win 24-0. Tailback Lou Harris, USC's most effective runner in the opening loss to Alabama, gained 93 yards on 20 carries versus the Dwl's, despite a chest cold. "I thought our defense played a good game," said Rice Coach Bill Peterson. "It's just damn tough to stop those big running backs of theirs." The Trojans now have a six-game winning streak against South-west Conference teams.

Once again, the SWC looks like a two-team race to be decided Oct. 16 when Arkansas plays Texas. TCU pulled UT Arlington 42-0, but Baylor, Rice and SMU were all soundly beaten, and Texas Tech lost its second game 13-10 when New Mexico's Joe Harnsberry kicked a 33-yard field goal with three seconds left.

SOUTH

1. TENNESSEE (1-0)
2. AUBURN (1-0)
3. ALABAMA (2-0)

South Carolina, apparently preferring to declassmate academics rather than football, became an ACC dropout last spring so it could lower entrance requirements. Coach Paul Dietzel was tired of having to turn away promising local prospects who "always seem to come back and whip you." Well, last Saturday the Gamecocks paid their first visit back to the ACC (Duke's Wallace Wade Stadium) since the divorce and were beaten 28-12. What made it worse was that the Duke star was 5' 10" senior Cornerback Ernie Jackson from just outside Columbia, S.C., home of the Gamecocks. He had the grades to enter

South Carolina but was not wanted. Saturday he returned a punt 74 yards for Duke's first touchdown, intercepted a pass and returned it 30 yards for another score and also intercepted in the end zone to stop a South Carolina threat. "Ernie Jackson has to be one of the outstanding backs in Duke history," said new Coach Mike McGee.

One of the most overworked is Steve Jones, who constituted most of the Blue Devils' offense. It was Jones over right tackle, Jones over left tackle and Jones up the middle—three yards and a grass stain. He also punted nine times for a 40.8 average, effectively pinning down Gamecock return specialist Dick Harris. Duke Quarterback Dennis Satsky, who has replaced the pass-crazy Leo Hart, is content to be a hand-off man. "The only record of Hart's I want to break is games won," he said.

In sweaty Baton Rouge last year, Texas A&M upset LSU with a 79-yard TD pass play 13 seconds before the gun. The goat was native Texan Paul Lyons, who tried for an interception and missed, instead of playing it safe with the clock running out. This season Lyons has been moved from cornerback to his original position, quarterback, and Saturday night he got sweet revenge against A&M. He passed for two touchdowns, ran effectively and faked so well that the befuddled Aggies were trying to tackle the cheerleaders. LSU romped 37-0. Lyons got the game ball and some interesting statistics: two missing teeth, one loosened tooth and 11 stitches in his lip.

Press-box wits dedicated Georgia Tech's 10-0 win over Michigan State to Lewis Clark, a Tech hero from the days before the forward pass was legalized. The Yellow Jackets did not complete one pass in 10 tries (two were intercepted) and managed to win only by playing excellent defense. They intercepted four passes and two times stopped the Spartans with fourth-and-short yardage. "Oh, just for a couple of feet or more here or there," moaned State Coach Duffy Daugherty.

In Athens, Georgia beat Tulane 17-7 as sophomore Andy Johnson ran for 127 yards and directed the Bulldogs' key 80-yard touchdown march in the fourth quarter. "I would hate to make my living playing Tulane every week," said Georgia Coach Vince Dooley.

Florida State's Eddie McMillan took Miami's opening kickoff on his 10 and ran it back for a touchdown, but the Hurricanes refused to collapse. It took the Seminole kicker, Frank Fontes, to decide the issue 20-17 with a 25-yard field goal late in the final quarter. Powerhouses Auburn and Alabama picked on local poorhouses,

Chattanooga and Southern Mississippi, and eked by, 60-7 and 42-6. Tennessee went further afield for its cannon fodder, bringing in UC Santa Barbara for a 48-6 workout.

Florida flinger John Reeves had a bad day (17 for 40, four interceptions and a 13-10 loss to Mississippi State), but he did break Archie Manning's SEC career total-offense record. His batterymate, Carlos Alvarez, caught eight passes for 98 yards to become the league's career pass-reception yardage champ. But the Gators are still 0-2.

Marshall played its first football game since a plane crash last November killed 73 persons, including most of the Thundering Herd team. The Huntington, W. Va. school fielded a team mostly of freshmen and sophomores, yet trailed Morehead State by only 16-6 going into the fourth quarter before losing 29-6.

MIDWEST

1. NOTRE DAME (1-0)
2. NEBRASKA (2-0)
3. MICHIGAN (2-0)

Slinback Johnny Rodgers put his varied skills on display in Lincoln and mighty Nebraska had its 21st straight game without a loss, battering Minnesota 35-7. In the first quarter, Rodgers got two steps on his man and Quarterback Jerry Tagge had the ball in his arms in the end zone. In the third he caught a Tagge pass on the 15, darted this way and that and left two Gophers on the ground as he zipped in for TD No. 2. Three minutes later he showed off his rebounding ability, circling under the ball in the end zone and outgunning the defender. "Nobody yet has stayed with Johnny in single coverage," said Tagge. "They just can't do it. Minnesota jammed the middle and slammed the ends. We couldn't just line up and run, so we switched to our passing game."

But up-the-middle power was not entirely abandoned. I-Back Jeff Kinney gained 79 yards in 16 carries and scored the Cornhuskers' other two touchdowns. "Nebraska is a fine football team, beautifully trained, and it executes well," said Minnesota Coach Murray Warmath. "I don't think they are going to get beat." Then he groused about redshirting, allowed in the Big Eight but banned in the Big Ten. "The value of the five-year program is so obvious it is not worth discussing," he said. "Maybe [Babe] DeWayne could still do wonders without it, but it is a Big Ten disaster."

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For the second straight week Michigan used a Statue of Rules play. The Wolverines were leading Virginia 28-0 in the second quarter when Virginia's Gerard Mullins stood around and watched a kickoff roll over the goal line, presuming it a touchback. Michigan's Dave Elliott fell on it like an avalanche. Touchdown. "That is a live ball," said Michigan Coach Bo Schembechler. "I tell my kids that until they dispute it." The final score was 56-0, and the game was so one-sided that Schembechler played 73 men, everyone available except one fellow who got an upset stomach—probably from watching the carnage. Michigan won the first-down battle 33-7, and 14 of its runners gained yardage. The poor Cavaliers never penetrated inside the Wolverine 36. Said beaten Coach Don Lawrence, "They have the best six running backs I've ever seen."

Mountain-country neighbors Colorado and Wyoming met for the first time in 24 years, and it was too soon for the visiting Cowboys. Colorado had a sophomore quarterback in charge of its triple-option offense but still won easily 56-13. The sub was 5'7", 174-pound Joe Duenas, starting in place of another soph, Ken Johnson, who suffered an injured wrist in the preceding week's upset of LSU. Duenas almost did not get the call because Coach Eddie Crowder was worried about his speech problem—a stutter—in the huddle. "The only thing I was worried about was calling the plays," said Duenas, "beating that 25-second clock. I only got caught once." The clock was about the only thing that caught him. He ran for three touchdowns and passed for another, and he was second in ground-gaining only to Tailback Charlie Davis, who enjoyed his second straight 100-yard game: 174 yards versus LSU, 109 versus Wyoming.

Playing in light snow flurries at Air Force, Missouri could manage only two Greg Hill field goals and took its second loss 7-6, an unhappy beginning for new Coach Al Onofrio. With five seconds to go, Hill tried another from 35 yards, but a shifting wind pushed it about two feet wide to the right. Workhorse Tailback Brian Bream ground out 90 of the Falcons' 186 soggy yards.

"Ninety percent of the time our defensive coach up to the press box called the exact play they would use," said Illinois Coach Bob Blackman, but it did not do the Illini much good. North Carolina executed so well and Ike Oglesby ran so effectively that the Tar Heels won easily 27-0. Oglesby carried 39 times for 169 yards and one touchdown. He scored another on a 58-yard pass play.

Toledo extended its winning streak to 25, longest in the nation, with a last-min-

ute field goal that beat stubborn Villanova 10-7. In a steady rain at Lawrence, Kansas routed Baylor 22-0, the Jayhawks' second straight shutout and Baylor's fifth straight opening-game loss. Afterward, a trophy fan came out of the stands and approached KU's Don Fambrough. "Coach, I like your style," he said. "You don't allow the other team any points."

Oklahoma's defense constantly dumped SMU Quarterback Gary Hammond for losses, and the Sooners won 30-0. Sophomore John Carroll kicked field goals of 25, 33 and 45 yards. Tulsa's Mike Ridley ran the opening kickoff back 97 yards for a touchdown, but that was about the only thing the Golden Hurricane did right in a 19-10 loss to Kansas State.

Kentucky, which had opened with a victory in Clemson's reputedly dangerous "Death Valley," found Indiana's stadium far more deadly. The Hoosiers got a school record of four field goals from Swedish soccer-style kicker Chris Gartner (the longest was 47 yards, the shortest 32) and whipped the Wildcats 28-8. Kentucky has not beaten its northern neighbor in the last six tries.

EAST

1. PENN STATE (1-0)
2. SYRACUSE (0-0-1)
3. PITTSBURGH (1-0)

Army Coach Tom Cahill, not ready to concede to Stanford even after watching the film of the Indians' 19-0 romp over Missouri, was giving out optimistic quotes, and the Corps seemed to have forgotten last season's 1-9-1 record, the longest and grayest in West Point history. They should have been listening to Stanford Defensive Guard Pete Laretech, who warned, "We're out to dominate opponents this year." Dominate they did, before 42,148 fans, the largest Michie Stadium crowd ever. In the

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

THE BACK: Washington Quarterback Sonny Stikflor, who saw his defense give up the lead to Purdue with 3½ minutes remaining, took the Huskies right back with passes of 31 yards, seven and 33, the last for the winning touchdown.

THE LINEBACKER: Wisconsin Linebacker Ed Albright, who has undergone postseason surgery the past two years, prevented a Badger loss when he raced in and broiled Syracuse's extra-point attempt with the score tied at 20-20.

last four minutes of the second quarter Don Bunce threw three touchdown passes, two to Miles Moore, and it was all over. Stanford went on to win 38-3. Bunce, a cool sharpshooter, completed 17 of 25 passes for 269 yards. Stanford's defensive front four, that averages 240 pounds, had little trouble halting Army's ragged attack. Lazetic, in particular, made Army Quarterback Dick Atha his own personal plaything, harassing him all afternoon. Cahill's postgame summary was not original, but it stated the case honestly: "Too damn many Indians."

Navy Coach Rick Forzano was hoping for rain to slow down the Penn State backs, but it did not even sprinkle in Annapolis, and the Nittany Lions provided a deluge of points, winning 56-3. Halfback Lydell Mitchell picked up 103 yards in 16 carries, caught one pass and scored five touchdowns. Penn State Coach Joe Paterno had said he was looking "for a close game," but he must have been looking in the wrong direction. His team scored seven of the first eight times it had the ball. Navy's Forzano did not desert the ship. "We are going to win some ball games this year," he said.

Wisconsin made its first journey into New York State in 31 years and held favored Syracuse to a 20-20 tie. The Orangemen drove 87 yards in the last 2½ minutes and tied the game on a 12-yard TD pass from Quarterback Bob Woodruff to Wingback Brian Hamblen. Then Badger Linebacker Ed Albright broke through to block the extra-point try. Wisconsin's Rufus Ferguson gained 127 yards in the first half and scored two of the Badgers' touchdowns.

The Syracuse coaching staff was unhappy with the play of the offensive line and the defensive secondary, but Coach Ben Schwartzwalder, who remembers too well the horrible racial problems that ruined the team's start last year, wasn't about to let a little thing like a tie get him down too much. "We made a pile of mistakes," he said, "and if we start correcting our errors we should be a better team next week." Meaning, versus Northwestern in Evanston.

Boston College, blitzed the week before by West Virginia in Morgantown, snapped back for a 17-3 victory over Temple in Philadelphia. The Coast Guard Academy, where Otto Graham is the athletic director, got four touchdown passes from Quarterback Paul Howard in the fourth quarter to overtake Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute 28-27. Neil Putnam made his debut a delightful one at Lafayette. His Leopards opened with a 13-7 win over Rutgers, the first time they have beaten the Scarlet Knights in six years.

END

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The absence of many ranking foreign players made Forest Hills a wide-open Open this year, and the rain made it one that looked as if it would never close. But on the 15th day, with Chris Evert long gone home and the sun out at last, Stan Smith won the men's title, Billie Jean King the women's and the U.S. was its own master for the first time since 1955.

In the particular instance of Pfc. Stanley R. Smith, a \$149.10-a-month member of Today's Army, it was a case of making the tennis world a little safer for democracy. Smith's victory came over an Iron Curtain underdog, Jan Kodeš of Czechoslovakia, who had eliminated top-seeded John Newcombe on the first day and proceeded to dumbfound detractors with a string of victories that propelled him into the finals.

That Kodeš came so close to winning is a credit to his sudden ability to shift his recognized clay-court talents onto grass, normally a difficult transition. In the past two years, on clay, he has won two French Open titles and twice been runner-up in the Italian Open. Kodeš had beaten Smith in three of five previous meetings, but until Forest Hills they had never met on grass. The competitive Czech, whose determination and confidence grew with each Forest Hills match, won the first set against Smith 6-3. "That's when I changed my tactics," said Smith later. "He was knocking my serve off right and left. It didn't make any difference where I hit it, so I decided to serve slower and hop the ball." Smith won the next two sets 6-3, 6-2 and the last 7-6 by capturing his fifth straight sudden-death tie breaker of the tournament.

Smith's court-side manner is generally restrained, but at the moment of his biggest victory he allowed himself something more than the heavy sigh of relief that often characterizes his successes. He launched his 6' 4" frame high into the air, let his racket fly and rushed to congratulate Kodeš.

With a two-star general sitting in the VIP gallery, the Pfc.'s win must have been especially gratifying. And now Smith's reputation as America's leading player, supported by the fact that he reached the Wimbledon finals, is secure.

Smith's commitment to the Army is an unusual one—certainly unregimented. It lasts until December 1972, but it allows him to play tennis all over the

world. Rather than discuss assertions that he may or may not be forfeiting some of his prize money—a stipulation the Army has put on him—Stan prefers to recall a barracks tune: "I really like the Army. The pay is mighty fine. They gave you 100 dollars. And take back 99."

Smith's next major duty assignment is the Davis Cup finals against Romania in Charlotte, N.C., Oct. 8-10. With Arthur Ashe no longer eligible and Cliff Richey playing so poorly that he probably will not make the team, Smith's singles burden is especially great. His likely doubles partner, Erik Van Dillen, is not yet the equal of Bob Lutz, who teamed with Smith to amass a perfect record in six Davis Cup matches.

"I think Erik and I have made good progress," Smith said last week. "but I do try to encourage him." The sixth-seeded pair reached the finals against Newcombe and Roger Taylor of Great Britain. After four sets were split, darkness necessitated a nine-point tie breaker in-

stead of a fifth set and Smith's team lost 5-3.

Van Dillen, a UCLA junior, is well aware of the responsibilities being thrust upon him, and of his position. "If we're a good doubles team," he says, "it's because of Stan."

Smith feels his Forest Hills performance was equal to his one at Wimbledon, where he lost to Newcombe in five sets. After his semifinals match against Tom Okker last week, in which he scored on 16 aces, he judged his serve never better.

With Newcombe an early casualty, Smith really should have won, of course. But he defeated good players in Marty Riessen and Okker and simply overpowered the inspired Kodeš. The 24-year-old Californian was once thought too clumsy for even a ball boy's role, and kids at the Los Angeles Tennis Club assiduously avoided him even for a pick-up match. Now he is the best and, as late-bloomers go, an inspiration. **END**



The Scot was a cut or two above the challenger



Ken Buchanan held on to his world lightweight title by a razor's edge—and by some late flurries against fast-retreating Ismael Laguna

So it has always been. The fighter's corner is a repository of quackery, a ready subject for purveyed nonsense. It is a no-nonsense place, populated by small, secret men whose habitats are the shadows off of the ring's boulevard. Usually, they are cranky and suspicious, loyal simply to their survival; only the corner men and the fighters really understand the meanness of the ring. The species also can be recognized by its masquerade, the look of academe that subtly conveys the impression that it has just stepped out of some ancient and sacred temple of esoterica.

Lovable as they are as frauds, it is hard to assign to the corner men any identity of import. They are the remnants of a different time, a time when the manager was aloof, when at the mention of "cut" he had his hand out; he was in the fighter's corner only to be seen. All of that changed when the ring's economy went sluggish. New managers became involved and found that the term "great cut man" was a pure inflation. It was merely a matter of time before the corner men became functionally bankrupt, left only with their unglamorous water bottles and buckets and tow-

els. Gone were the exotic potions for a fighter's "stren," the secrets of the heal, the proclaimed genius of their hands attending to a cut.

Nothing is done in a fighter's corner of any clinical brilliance. For all of the witchery claimed by corner men, work on a fighter is mechanical repetition and penetrable to any dummy who has spent a lifetime in gyms. The value of a corner is speed, cool support and, if the fighter is disposed to listening, some direction, mainly from the manager. It is true that a fight can be won in a corner, but such moments have been very rare.

One such moment came last week in Madison Square Garden when Ken Buchanan of Scotland decisively won Ismael Laguna of Panama to retain his lightweight championship of the world. How prosaic, how simple, only a microsecond of work, that was the difference.

The pale, reedy Scot benefited from a couple of boxing's oldest treatments, neither of which will provoke clamor for a medical discourse. It will also not be news to the ever-unwatchful police of boxing. Off to a slow start against Laguna, Buchanan carried an angry, potentially ruinous bump under his left eye back to his corner at the end of the third round. It grew worse as the fourth, but before he came out for the next round his manager, Eddie Thomas, averted what surely would have been an abrupt end to the fight and Buchanan's title. Like someone slicing off a loose jacket button, Thomas icily slit the blue swell with a razor blade, causing the big lump to weep blood and free the pressure within.

Cruel and repelling as the razor method is to some, it was the only alternative open to Thomas and Buchanan, and, as Thomas says, "Whoever said boxing is pretty?" The manager made his next big move after the 12th round when Buchanan was cut badly over the left eye; the wound later required two stitches inside and eight outside. To stop the geyser of blood, Thomas went to a homemade preparation. Presumably, it was more innocent, but it achieved the same results as Monsel's solution. It is traditional in this country for every manager to have a mitful of the stuff. Chemically, it is ferric (iron) subsulfate, containing sulfuric acid, nitric acid and fer-

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BOXING round

rous sulfate. Its purpose is to shore up a cut. But if any of the concoction sweats down over the corner, the fighter can be lastingly blinded.

Away from the razor's edge and the solution, Thomas and Buchanan were impeccable in crisis. Long a proponent of the left jab, often inflexibly so, Thomas quickly scrapped his fundamentalism when he saw that Buchanan's jab was ineffectual against Laguna's bobbing head, and besides it was making his fighter look bad. He told Buchanan to accelerate the pace, to force the fight, hoping that the sight of him profusely bleeding but on the attack would swerve the pencils of the judges and capture the sentiment of the crowd. Buchanan listened, and his calm aggression blending with late-second flurries proved to be the margin in several close rounds.

For all of Buchanan's blood and the fast pace set, the fight itself was what one might call an "entertainment," meaning that it had crusts of artistic surface and not much substance. It seemed a ragged affair, soiled often by Buchanan, who missed more punches than at any other time in his career, partially because of his limited vision but more because of Laguna's clever defense. The trouble was that Laguna leaned on his defense far too long, and it was a decision that ultimately did him in. Early, while winning three of the first four rounds, he countered crisply with odd-angled punches, the kind that have inflicted lacerations on over 40 of his opponents. Then, from the fifth round on, Laguna appeared adrift. A quality of vagueness, hesitancy, disconnection seemed to define his work.

Laguna opened each round impressively enough, but toward the middle he repeatedly allowed Buchanan sizable chunks of offensive ground. Buchanan used them effectively until the waning moments when he would then blatantly steal the round. Except for the 14th, when Laguna was hurt badly and sitting nearly unconscious on a middle strand of rope, the pattern seldom varied. Despite his awful eye and evidence of severe punishment about his kidneys, for which Laguna was warned continuously, Buchanan commanded a decision of, say, 10-4-1. The officials viewed it a bit closer, but that hardly tranquilized Laguna or his paranoid camp.

Laguna, the lightweight champion, approached the fight in a blue dis-

position, often sulking and obstinate in his cooperation with promoters. "I think," said Buchanan, "he's shown bad manners and ignorance. He's stupid and a fool. I haven't seen him for a while, but not too long ago he did not look happy. I saw tension in his face." Dr. Edwin Campbell, the ring doctor, later agreed. "Laguna seemed very strained and tense. I never saw him this way before," Campbell said.

This was not a description of the Laguna who won the title back in Panama in 1965. He was 21 then, not far removed from the harsh country. At 14 he materialized in the steaming, wild gyms of Colon, and he was soon known throughout Panama as El Tigre. He had a zest then, a flair out of the ring that seems to have burned out along with all of his once immense abilities. The memory is that he had more speed and more natural rhythm than ever had been seen in the lightweight division.

"He's a beauty," Honest Bill Daly used to say. Daly managed Carlos Ortiz, from whom Laguna won the title.

It is hardly a secret that Honest Bill, whose conspiratorial manner and deft gift for turning a dollar are widely celebrated, thinks of Buchanan as a beauty, too. Like a sea lion a bit long in the tooth, Honest Bill surfaced last week to the amusement of many, one of whom was not Eddie Thomas. It was not known whether the old lion was hungry or just trying to keep in practice.

Thomas' concern with Daly, emphasized by the presence of two bodyguards, emanates from their encounter in San Juan when Buchanan, an unknown then, won the title from Laguna. The Scot won it by one point (a thing comparable to snow in Miami), and it is generally thought that Daly contributed that point. He is a figure of large persuasion in Puerto Rico, the first person Thomas contacted when he saw how hopeless the situation was.

"You can't take the title from Laguna here, Eddie," said Honest Bill. "You got to go to war."

Thomas inquired as to how, and Daly, behind a cupped hand, whispered, "Leave it to me."

The next time Thomas heard that whether was when he had to reject Honest Bill's price for his war—nothing less than a piece of Buchanan.

The old pirate always did have a sense of value.

END

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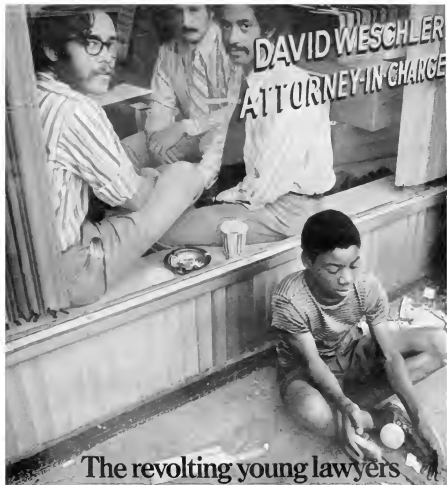
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ONLY IN FORTUNE

James E. (Ted) Bassett III, the boyish president of Keeneland racecourse, calls it "our bargain-basement sale." To J. B. Faulconer, Keeneland's public-relations chief and commanding general of Kentucky's 100th Army Reserve Division, it is a place to shop for "unpolished jewels." For another way of putting it, hear horse racing's No. 1 commercial breeder, courtly but plainspoken Leslie Combs II, parading the other evening through the brightly lighted lobby of the Keeneland sales pavilion near Lexington, the auctioneer's voice droning in the background, Combs confided, "You know, this is just a sale for the little people."

However they differ in expressing it, all would agree that last week's Keeneland fall yearling sale was, by the rarefied standards of the Kentucky thoroughbred industry, a uniquely plebeian affair. Offering 1,097 horses to buyers, nearly one-third of all yearlings on the block in 1971, the annual four-day event had a short-sleeve bustle utterly missing from the smaller, genteel peddling of high-priced yearlings conducted last month at Saratoga. The contrast was almost as great with racing's other blue-ribbon auction, the July sale right there at Keeneland. Unlike July shoppers, horse buyers at the most recent sale were not wooed or wined at the staid Idle Hour Country Club, nor did any of Lexington's horsey set apparently feel the need to import their favorite dance bands from Palm Beach—or even Cincinnati—for the occasion.

If such breeders as Combs and Warner Jones even bothered to be on hand, it was only to dispose of merchandise, often inferior or even damaged, left over from July. With most September-sale animals going for under \$10,000 and seldom more than \$30,000, Keeneland gladly gave itself over to what Sales Director Bill Evans called "a whole different scene." The crowds that moved through the horseshoe-shaped, 750-seat pavilion included trainers enjoying the experience of buying stock for themselves rather than wealthy clients, and so-called cowboys—"the boys in the big hats and pointed ties," sniffed one Kentuckian—looking for \$700 horses to race on dusty Western tracks. Conspicuously absent

Is it crooked or straight?

The legs of yearlings go every which way at Keeneland's poor man's sale, but smart buyers have found the last two Derby winners there

were the Nelson Bunker Hunts and Frank McMabons, owners capable of spending up to \$510,000 for one colt, as McMahon did in his record purchase at last year's Keeneland July sale. That yearling, a brother to Majestic Prince named Crowned Prince, is being touted as the 1972 Epsom Derby winner.

Still, the affair did have its own re-

cently acquired glamour. As nobody in attendance needed reminding, it was at this same sale that the last two Kentucky Derby winners were purchased, Dust Commander in 1968 for \$6,500 and Canonero II a year later for \$1,200. These were certainly flukes, yet Canonero in particular gave horse buyers who believe in miracles—and like horseplayers,

continued

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most necessarily do—new faith. Although the previous 24 fall sales yielded nothing faintly resembling a Derby winner (Keeneland's summer sale has produced six and Saratoga five), Keeneland played on that faith with advertisements solemnly avowing that every horse in this year's September sale was "a potential Derby winner." In the same vein, the *Dash Racing Firm* called it "the Derby sale."

In what seemed to be a generally shared obsession, Canonero's picture was on the cover of the bulging three-volume sale catalog and his exploits on the minds of such buyers as Dr. Jerry Adkins, a 36-year-old surgeon from Mississippi, who came to Keeneland to find "that bargain horse who'll make a fortune just like Canonero." In many ways a typical fall-sale customer—the small owner hoping to get bigger—Adkins began studying pedigrees of available yearlings when the catalog arrived in a large carton at his home in Biloxi three weeks ago. He arranged to make the trip to Lexington with Leo Gabriel, who trains five of the doctor's eight racehorses at Chicago's Hawthorne Park, and Gabriel's wife Betty.

Tirelessly inspecting horses before each day's session in Keeneland's elm-shaded barn area, where the real selling at any yearling auction is done, Adkins made jottings in a small notebook and snapped Polaroid pictures of animals for review later back at his motel. In the market for horses in the under-\$5,000 range, he rejected a Bold Commander colt in expectation that "he'll go too high"—he went for \$8,000—then ruled out another colt as too small, explaining, "Some people like small cars, but I drive an Olds 98 myself." Next he and the Gabriels stopped at a barn housing the consignment of Richard M. Richards, a youthful partner in a small Kentucky breeding operation of the kind that sells virtually all its yearlings in the fall auction.

Attracted to one of Richards' crop, a Grotton filly with a pedigree of promise, Adkins asked Gabriel about the animal's conformation. "Her left foreleg is turned in," the trainer replied, a diagnosis that the horse's breeder, standing in earshot, could only affirm. "That leg goes with her," Richards shrugged. "There's no extra charge." He brightened slightly and added: "Of course, Canonero had a bad leg, too."

Inside the packed sales pavilion the next day, Dr. Adkins, studious behind his horn-rimmed glasses, watched as George Swinebroad, a large, bluff man who estimates he has sold \$800 million worth of horseflesh in his half century as an auctioneer, ran the yearlings under the gavel nearly twice as fast as he does in the July sale. As each horse was led in turn into the sales ring below him, Swinebroad's tongue galloped along: "I got 35 . . . 35 . . . 35 hum'rd . . . Will you give me 4,000 . . . ? Hey, what a filly! I got 4 . . ." Adkins did not join in the bidding for her, but the crooked-legged filly brought \$5,000, a price that later drew from Richards a satisfied smile.

After bidding unsuccessfully for several horses at the two opening sessions, Adkins finally bought a filly for \$2,700 and a colt for \$3,000. The colt had a 30-inch scar across his chest, the result of having run into a paddock railing in May, but the doctor decided to huy anyway. "I looked him over pretty carefully," he said, as if discussing a patient's recovery prospects. "He might have lost some muscle there, but I don't think that it should affect his running any. I hope not."

As such deliberations suggest, horse trading, an exercise always fraught with risk, is nowhere trickier than at the fall sale. Before Keeneland's July auction, yearlings are carefully screened and accepted for sale only if their pedigrees and physical attributes are of high order. At the fall sale, however, about the only assurance the customer receives is that the horses are not blind. The rule is otherwise caveat emptor, as one novice buyer, Paul Kebert, a Pennsylvania construction man, was only too painfully reminded. Declaring his intention to "get me a couple of horses," a mission inspired by his recent involvement with a new racetrack under construction in Erie, Kebert breezed into Lexington in a candy-striped sport coat and snupped up nine yearlings for a total of \$37,300. Horsemen generally have to wait at least a short while before learning that an investment has gone bad, but in the case of a filly he bought for \$6,000, Kebert got the word as soon as he had his new acquisitions inspected by an expert. Advised that the filly had a faulty knee that would almost certainly prevent her from running, Kebert said gamely, "Well, I guess you pay for experience."

Considering the vigilance required in such matters, it seemed almost like somebody's idea of a test alert that last week's auction, while officially called the fall sale, was actually held in the waning days of summer.

There were probably a number of pitfalls even alert buyers never noticed. When showing undersized yearlings, for example, breeders took the usual care to have them paraded by small grooms in hopes of making the animals appear larger. And it was a safe bet that some of the supposed customers in the Keeneland stable area were actually horsemen engaged in a little friendly shilling, making a great show of being interested in a particular yearling only to attract bidders and boost the price.

Despite all the lurking dangers, a number of horsemen, ones like Trainer Buddy Delp, actually professed to prefer the fall sale. "You can pick up horses of summer-sale quality here if you work at it," said Delp, who was in Lexington buying both for clients and himself. The yearlings Delp was referring to, those who might have met standards for the July sale, include the late foal who needs the extra few weeks leading up to the September sale to mature or the slightly injured animal who can use the additional time to mend.

There are also some maverick breeders, such as A. B. Karsner and Ed Thomas, who refuse to submit any of their horses for the July auction, each preferring to sell his entire crop in September. In Karsner's case the practice was originally prompted in part by the feeling that Keeneland gave favored treatment in the July sale to the big breeders, but today he says simply, "I like being a big fish in a small pond." As for Thomas, his September-only policy has had agreeable results, including the highest-priced yearling at the sale two years running.

In 1970 Thomas topped the fall-sale market with a Cornish Prince colt who brought \$61,000. This time it was a dark bay colt by Exclusive Native, which means he is a grandson of Raise a Native, sire of both Majestic Prince and Crowned Prince. The colt was purchased for \$44,000 by Trainer Bill Resseguet Jr., who said of the animal, "I love him, he's a grand individual," and then repared with a couple of eager Midwestern businessmen to the sales pavilion's well-attended bar to determine

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bow ownership was to be parceled out.

Of all the buyers—trainers, cowboys and the rest—the most spirited were Latin Americans, a group of 50 Puerto Ricans in particular. One of them, a nun on leave from a Carmelite convent, bought three yearlings for \$13,700 but let her father, a Puerto Rican horseman, sign the bills, thus sparing Keeneland officials a surely unrewarding search of Dun and Beadstreet for a rating on Sister Rafael Marie. Their purchases financed in part by Puerto Rico's eager-beaver El Comandante Track, the nun and the others kept air traffic control busy at nearby Bluegrass Field flying some 125 horses, nearly 12% of the sale's entire stock, off to San Juan.

"They came to buy," Sales Director Evans said happily of the Puerto Ricans. Their frantic activity (one estimate had them bidding on two-thirds of all the horses) helped push the average price to a fall-sale record of \$5,740. Besides being one more indicator of a seller's market for thoroughbreds, a trend that also resulted in record averages of better than \$30,000 at both Saratoga and the earlier Keeneland auction, the new high was a reminder that livestock is exempted from the President's price freeze.

One active Latin buyer was Luis Navas, the jolly Venezuelan horse importer who bought Cananero II in 1969. Unlike Dust Commander, who had been relegated to the September sale after a Keeneland official told his consignee his pedigree was too undistinguished for July, Cananero's marginal breeding and now-famous leg were such that his breeder, E.B. Benjamin, did not even bother submitting him for the July sale. Navas bought him in Keeneland's catchall auction, then sold him and another low-priced yearling to Caracas Industrialist Pedro Baptista for \$10,000.

Since then, Navas' esteem in Venezuela as the man who found Cananero has brought him new horse-buying clients. His status is obviously enhanced in Kentucky, too. At the 1989 sale he had to stand through much of the auction, not being assigned a seat in the pavilion. Keeneland officials compensated last week, and it was a grinning Navas who settled into a front-row chair. "This is best sale for to buy down-priced horse," the Venezuelan said, putting into broken English what he, as much as anybody, had already so well demonstrated.

END

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Meet me in St. Louis—but at your own risk

The Ryder Cup results were pretty much as usual. The British sent a fresh young team against our pros, and Author James Thurber's words applied: 'Youth will be served—frequently stuffed with chestnuts'

The Ryder Cup matches, which biennially pit what they've got in Great Britain against the cream of the U.S. pro tour, are a team competition of such complexity that it is almost impossible for them to be dominated by the efforts of a single player. Yet this is what happened last week at the Old Watson Country Club outside St. Louis, where Arnold Palmer, like some gray-haired colossus brandishing a one-iron, headed off an initially high-spirited challenge by Britain's bright new golfing youth movement and led the U.S. to an 18½-13½ victory.

Palmer turned 42 the week before the matches began, but with early help from another American golfing relic, and later a hand from his old friend Jack Nicklaus, he kept defeating British players only slightly more than half his age. On opening day, when the British bid looked serious, he was paired with 44-year-old Gardner Dickinson in two matches against a couple of tender youths, Peter Townsend and Peter Oosterhuis, whose combined age came to 48. During the morning match Palmer reached the green with his team's second shot on the 6th hole, a narrow par 5 of 530 yards, and the U.S. two-putted for a birdie. He holed birdie puts after two fine Dickinson approach shots at the 9th and 12th, and delivered the *coup de grâce* before a shouting gallery of several thousand packed around the 18th green. This was a six-iron that hit 20 feet past the flagstick and spun back to within six inches of the hole. The shot meant a two-up victory, the only win for the U.S. in Thursday morning's team matches. Then, in the afternoon, Palmer dropped a 15-foot putt for a birdie on the 16th hole to finally put his team ahead, and he and Dickinson went on to win one up, a most necessary victory on a day

that saw the British off to a 4½-3½ lead and the U.S. staggering.

The following day, Black Friday for the British, Palmer began by pairing with Dickinson and routing Townsend and Bernard Gallacher (with Gallacher in for Oosterhuis, the Britons' combined age dropped to 45). Then he teamed with Nicklaus to win the match of matches, a wonderful birdie battle with Townsend and Harry Bannerman that all but settled the Ryder Cup outcome.

While last week's Ryder Cup may not have been much in the way of an example of youth being served, the matches as an event showed a youthful zest all their own. Crowds of up to 10,000 flowed around the course each day to watch what was a limited amount of play by American pro tour standards, and the gallery enthusiasm proved that this competition can be a solid success on the American sports scene. The excitement was a dramatic improvement over things four years ago when the matches, held at the Champions Golf Club in Houston, were just another in a long line of lightly attended massacres, with the last fires being murmured over the expiring body. The U.S. team won by an overwhelming score of 23½-8½ under the eyes of a few red-coated officials and a couple of wives, and everyone was on the lookout for some sort of appropriate burial ground. Everyone, that is, except the American players, who happen to sincerely regard making a Ryder Cup team as an honored chance to play for something other than their own bank accounts.

One problem in building the Ryder Cup as a gate attraction is a format so unfamiliar to Americans that even the most devoted golf fans have difficulty in figuring out who on the 12-man teams is doing what to—or with—whom. The

first day's play is particularly confusing, with four two-man teams representing each side playing a total of eight matches, four in the morning and four in the afternoon. Each team plays a single ball, the partners hitting alternate drives off the tees and alternate shots and putts thereafter. On the second day there is the same arrangement of pairings, but each man plays his own ball, low score on each hole counting for the partnership. On the final day things clear up a little. This is singles match play, man against man. With eight matches played in the morning and another eight in the afternoon, for 16 of the 32 points at stake for the three days, this usually is the critical day—and the day the U.S. almost always carries.

The style of play is not exactly a way of life on the U.S. tour, which has only one match-play tournament on its schedule of 40-plus events. Nevertheless, the U.S. has now won 15 of the 39 Ryder Cup matches, the six played in this country since World War II decisively, by a total of 83½ points to Britain's 28½. The style is not really a way of life on the British tour either, despite American suspicions to the contrary, but in the six matches held in England since the war the British have at least made a brave try at holding their own. They have been outscored in total points by only 68 to 56 and have won the cup once and tied for a once.

The tie was achieved two years ago when the U.S. pros, with good cause to be confident, journeyed to Southport, England. They were termed a 5-to-1 favorite by British bookies, but somehow

LEARNING ON NICKLAUS was something ancient Arnold did little of, though the two won the only U.S. golfers to play all six matches.



managed to get lost in the tall grass and rolling sand dunes at Royal Birkdale and salvaged a tie only because Nicklaus was able to sink a four-foot putt on the last hole of the last match on the last day.

This year, after the first day in St. Louis, it seemed the British had not lost the momentum of two years ago. Their nonplaying team captain, Eric Brown, certainly thought not. "We used to be very much in awe of the Americans, but that is not true of this bunch of youngsters," he said. Brown is a 46-year-old Scot with glittering pale-blue eyes, the nose of an eagle and a chin that looks as if it could drive tent stakes. Awe of Americans has never been one of his problems. His violently competitive temperament is well known on both sides of the Atlantic. In four tries as a player he never lost a Ryder Cup singles match, and he defeated such as Lloyd Mangrum, Jerry Barber, Tommy Bolt and Cary Middlecoff—an impressive record. His 1957 match against Bolt was vividly short on international diplomacy. Tempers rose throughout the day, and when Bolt finally stalked off the 33rd green, beaten four down with three to play, he announced, "I guess you're bleeping well won the game, but I didn't enjoy it one bleeping bit."

"Of course you didn't," Brown retorted. "You bleeping well knew you were going to be beaten."

Brown's was the kind of spirit needed to shake the British out of their role of habitual loser. It had worked for him in 1957, it almost worked at Royal Birkdale 12 years later—his first assignment as captain—and it appeared to be working at the start of things last week in St. Louis. But on Friday morning not only did Palmer and Dickinson do in young Oosterhuis and Gallacher, the U.S. took the other three matches as well, all by 2 and 1. And the British struggled gamely during the afternoon, but Palmer and Nicklaus barred the way.

Their opponents, Townsend and Banerman, played as if unaware that in Palmer and Nicklaus they faced a pair that had won four World Cup championships and three PGA team titles. Both sides were hitting tightly accurate approach shots and following them with firm putts. When Nicklaus rolled in a breathtaking putt of 80 feet across the 8th green, the U.S. pair found itself five

continued

under par. Superb. And one down. Unbelievable. It may have been frustrating for the Americans, but as Nicklaus observed later, "Think how discouraging it must have been for them to have birdied six of the first eight holes and only lead by one."

With that 80-foot putt, Nicklaus picked up just where it seemed clear that Palmer was ready to leave off. He had begun to hit tired shots, and it was left to Nicklaus to birdie the 360-yard 14th hole, evening the match with a wedge shot to within 18 inches of the flag and a skidding putt that just made it over the right edge of the cup. Nicklaus then won the match on the 456-yard closing hole with a seven-iron that faded in some 15 feet to the left of the flagstick and a birdie putt that dropped just as darkness was closing down over the course. Palmer did not hide his vast relief.

"Falling behind those two young guys made things especially difficult," he admitted later. "We were very conscious

of the fact that we were in danger of losing. When you play against Lee Trevino and people of that caliber and lose, so what, it's no disgrace, but what would everybody start thinking if we lost to those two kids?"

The birdie putt by Nicklaus provided the U.S. with a solid four-point lead that held up despite a vigorous assault by the British on Saturday's 16 singles matches. Palmer, walking slowly and pausing to rest whenever he had the time or the chance, halved his morning match with Bannerman and in the afternoon lost to Oosterhuis, but by that time the U.S. was the winner.

"Jay Hebert, the U.S. nonplaying captain, never figured on having to use Arnold in all six matches, but the way things were going he just had to," said Trevino, who is still recovering from his appendectomy of a few weeks ago but played five matches himself.

Trevino turned in three wins, a loss and a tie. Dickinson won four out of

five and Nicklaus won five straight after a loss with Dave Stockton on the opening morning. And a welcome surprise was J. C. Snead, who, making his first Ryder Cup appearance, won all four matches in which he took part.

Of the 12-man team, only Nicklaus and Palmer played all six matches. "Those British youngsters made it a hard week," Palmer said when it was all over. He was resplendent in white jacket, white trousers and a powder-blue shirt as he moved slowly through a tangle of gushing young women in the clubhouse lobby. "We all expected it to be a close match. It was tough, and from now on it will always be tough."

The right thing to say, definitely, but not a statement to stick in your mind like the one he had made on Friday. Relaxing over a beer after his fourth win, Palmer said, "Was I trying extra hard to win because they were just young—ah—kids? You've got to know I was."

END

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Encounter



with an Athlete



It was an odd place—the ballet—one the author had always found discomforting, but Edward Villella displayed an astounding quality of movement that sport could not equal

by Mark Kram

It could have been that I first became aware that there was something called ballet through one of those pictures occasionally seen on sports pages, the massive Polish tackle and the fragile ballerina at a barre on the field. Or maybe it was in a short just before Buck Jones galloped through one of his many thin diversions at the Saturday movies. Then, some time later, while cooling off in the library on a hot summer afternoon, I came across a book defending boxing from those who are always railing about how the sport savages the fighter's brain. Ending his defense quietly, the writer asked: "Who hit Nijinsky in the head?"

At the time, the mystery for me was not who hit the gentleman, but just who was Nijinsky? The taller down the street? I did not know for a long time, until one evening, out of curiosity and severe intimidation by a young girl I never saw again, I found myself in a theater gal-

continued

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PHILLIP LOEWEN

lery, which was, so I was told, the sanctuary of true scholars of ballet. As I watched, I could not help feeling much like the woman who once commented on the easiness of Rodin's work, to which the sculptor replied: "Yes, it is easy. All you have to do is take a large piece of marble and with your chisel knock away all that you don't need." The engrossed eyes, the motionless bodies nearly failed to change my mind, and when the performance was over I was convinced that ballet was easy. Even more, I found it offensive—sharply so.

While leaving, I became more agitated by what seemed to be the audience's trenchant vivisection of the evening and then, stroking my ignorance and looking about at the mother-of-pearl cigarette holders tilted in the air like lances, the good looks and easy confidence of a world I never knew, nor wanted to know, I wondered something: What did these people understand about the real world, say, Mays making a catch in deep center field. Like a whip cracking out, the question had come, shaped by a waterfront atmosphere in which a badge of acceptance was a blue work shirt, and dented beer kettles were old school steins, and there were people who would ask—if they had read any literature of the '30s—what the hell was so romantic, so human, so noble about having your skull baked near an open hearth, sweating on a dock, raising a large family. Indeed, what was so noble about surviving?

Such things as romance and art belonged to others, the frivolous ones with money who ran things so badly and then always stooped down to the rabble, the proletariat, to bail them out. The word art was never heard in the language of the neighborhood, and if the subject was thought of at all it was in relation to the prints of one saint or another looking patronizingly down from the walls of dim kitchens and gray bedrooms, or to the fluttering octaves of the choir at High Mass. It was through sports that the people found expression, and they devoured the seasons like chunks of raw

meat, insensitive to essences: the esthetics of movement, the myriad of delicate lines to each sport. It was the catch by Mays that counted, not the brilliance of his flight.

Their minds belonged to the quantifiers. They were locked into a scoreboard attitude toward life, from the grim mathematics of factory production to the simplest of recreations. It was not how you did something, it was the result that mattered, that and the look of one's exterior which, when swept aside, covered dark storms of anxiety, bitterness and a true sense of defeat. It was just a matter of time before it all would



blend into the worst sort of cynicism—into craftily bungling plumbers, weight-manipulating butchers, gouging TV repairmen. It was, though, not their true spirit. Once they had been an inquisitive people with creative, rowdy style, with an infectious feel for life and the zest for making their lives count in some special way. But that was before they learned that nobody put any of this up on a scoreboard.

For an artist of any stripe to come out of this environment, this thinking, no matter how sympathetic his parents might be, is a long, long bet. To connect ballet with this backdrop is blasphemous, and to connect with it one of the greatest dancers in the world is be-

yond credibility. I could not believe that Edward Villella could be from Queens, N.Y. The incongruity of Villella and Queens, a cut above a waterfront area but still a fortress of convention and practicality, started me thinking of ballet again. I then learned that Villella had been a welterweight boxing champion at the New York Maritime College, a better than average infidel, and that he had worked summers pushing racks over the chaotic streets of the garment center. He could also brawl if he had to, and once it nearly cost him his life. Set upon by several young marines, he ended up in a hospital with a badly lacerated face and a concussion.

It seemed an ordinary background, that is for anyone save a ballet dancer. By now I had become curious. Who were these people, where did they come from and what were they like? I read of Nureyev, the mysterious Tartar whose name is synonymous with ballet, an artist many believe is without equal but one others view as "too pretty, too cornball." I tried not to allow a quote from a ballerina to influence my remote picture of him. "I spend all my offstage time," said the ballerina, "pinning up his hair and spraying it. He feels it is very poetic." I did like, though, the way he answered his critics: "I am Nureyev, dancer, nothing more than that. I am on sale. It is free enterprise. If you like, you buy. If you don't like, you leave alone."

Of all the dancers I read about, it was Nijinsky who struck me. At 19 he had captivated Europe and was often referred to as "the man of whom birds are jealous." Ten years later he went mad, and he spent the rest of his life in institutions, where he painted pictures of strange bugs, distorted masks and faces with staring eyes. The story of his life is engulfing, but above all I came away from it with a sense of the human body, something I had never thought much about before. "It was not the transference of an inert mass from one position of balance to another," wrote a friend of Nijinsky, "but the supple al-

continued

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liance with weight, like a wing on the air, of all that machine of muscles and nerves, of a body that is not trunk or statue, but the complete organ of power and movement."

I decided to see Villella perform. I was told he was the complete embodiment of athleticism, and maybe the finest athlete in the country. I did not dismiss these opinions, but I did remain skeptical and, even though I was no longer ignorant enough to think ballet was easy, I fully expected much of what I felt many years before—the solemnity, the glibness of balletomanes who seemed to transmit the impression that ballet belonged in a cathedral. Instead, the opposite was obvious in the lobby of the New York State Theater at Lincoln Center. The lobby had the familiar look and sound of a ball park, the crowd had a natural feel, and even the elegance, blending with unkempt young people and the drab uniforms of the street, seemed real and stately, rather than contrived for a moment. It could have been that I was looking at it all with new eyes, but it is more likely that dancers like Villella and the choreographer Balanchine are chipping at the jewel-encrusted veneer of ballet, bringing it to the people, making it human.

I find it difficult to communicate what I saw on this night, except to say that I had never seen such sheer human force generated before, never seen the physicality of a body expressed so completely as it was done by Edward Villella. For 40 straight, relentless minutes, he used every muscle, every fiber in his small body, leaping (at times over six feet), jumping, twisting, running, all of it with a constancy of grace and control that in sport is seen only in fragments. He developed every movement admired in athletics and brought to each one a quiescence of its beauty: the balance of a pivot at second base; the timing of an over-the-shoulder pass reception; and surely every move you have ever gaped at on a basketball court. I left feeling exhilarated, but inwardly confused.

The confusion, the result of a flash of distrust, of guilt for having enjoyed the ballet, I could not attribute to the mores of my old neighborhood. Surely, I no longer found it offensive, but why was I so uncomfortable, why did I feel like the epitome of a type described once by a curator of a French museum? "It's all in their walk," said the curator, claim-

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ing he could single out American men in a crowd. "The moment the American male steps through the doors, he assumes a truculently self-conscious half strut, half shamble that tries to say, 'I don't really want to be here, I'd much rather be in a bar or watching a ball game.'" The U.S., he seemed to think, had culturephobia, and American men secretly viewed any appreciation of the arts as somewhat subservive, un-American and quite unmanly.

Certainly, it is admirable to know the difference between a Doric and Ionic column, pleasant to hear Italian laborers singing arias on the streets, but the absence of such in a city hardly indicates a lag in culture, an estrangement from civilization. Yet, right or wrong, it has been popular opinion abroad that there is a certain barbarism to our attitudes, and much of it is linked to our heritage, the climate of the frontier and the uncouth character of those who tamed it. Then there are others who reason that we are still chained to Calvinist doctrine, which repelled all that was not simple and coldly functional, specifically, much of art. Art was licentious, if not downright evil.

Having no trust at all in public or parochial school history and being somewhat inclined toward hedonism, I dismissed all of the above as being at the bottom of my unease following the ballet. And I decided it might be therapeutic to talk to Villella himself. I arranged to meet him at his town house, and while walking there I could not chase thoughts of powdered wigs, of Nureyev having his hair pinned up, of sweet perfume. Villella came to the door accompanied by an excessively grumpy German shepherd, the best weapon of defense on the West Side of New York City. He has a good face, not pretty, but it is a dramatic one, with sharp expressions and dark Gothic eyes. He talks for a time about the approaching Al-Frazier fight and then, putting his draft beer down, he says:

"OK, go ahead and ask it. You'll get around to it sooner or later. They all do. I always see it in their eyes."

"Ask what?"

"Whether I'm straight or not?"

"Well, . . ."

"Don't worry. I'm conditioned to it. It's something I've had to live with from the start. It doesn't bother me anymore. The ballet is too marvelous an ex-

perience for me to care what people may think, what they may say about a male dancer. Homosexuality is a reality, whether in dance or anywhere else. I don't care what a person does offstage, just what he does while out there. I don't know why people have to raise an eyebrow at a male in tights. It doesn't bother them in basketball or in the rug. The increasing sexuality of football and baseball uniforms—you know, very tight pants—doesn't seem to upset anybody."

"But it bugs them, even the high school kids. It's changing some, and kids, all kinds, are making ballet a big thing in this country now. But when I go to some of these schools, sometimes the worst kind where the teachers are driven out of patience and the kids look and sound like they are going to tear the place apart, I find that once I begin to talk to the youngsters in their language, once I begin to tell them why I dance, they fall silent and listen. When I change into dance clothes they break out again, screaming and laughing because it's funny to them to see a man in dyed long underwear. I ask them to wait and watch what my partner and I are going to do. They quiet down, look at the dancing, listen to the music, and you could hear a pin drop. Afterward, I tell them that this is what ballet is all about. Usually I reach them."

"Homosexuality in dance is just a tired old idea and it's diminishing. Take Jacques d'Amboise, one of the fine performers in our company. He could pass for a halfback, and he's as tough. Look at the kids in the ballet classes these days, they are about 12 or 13 years old and sort of cocky like. They hounce around, snoots, wise guys, and that's the way it should be. It's a lot different from when I started, maybe because parents are aware of more now. It was difficult for mine to accept ballet. You have to remember that then they had set ideas about conduct in life, what success should be, what a man should be, and ballet didn't figure into any of it, especially for my father, who was a Friday night fight guy and a hard poker player. My mother was very practical. I got started in ballet through her. I was beamed playing ball when I was a kid and for some reason my mother felt guilty. My sister had been taking lessons, and so my mother started taking me along."

"From the start I loved it. It was

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Villella continued

such a physical thing. It did something to me, and except for four years of college when my parents put their foot down, the ballet has been all of me. I love the excitement, the feeling of moving with power quickly, to move with speed and to feel speed and to be in full control of it. I enjoy movements that are space-consuming. In some ballets I really have to cover ground, and there is no feeling like it in the world—to feel the air racing past your ears when you're soaring and jumping. Dancing is about movement. I don't like a dancer being overly poetic, flitting and flapping around the stage in far too soft a manner. That offends me. I don't suspect that a male dancer should just fling himself around the stage either. But he has to have so much technique and control that he can afford to throw himself into the movement and simply dance.

"It is imperative, too, that you have strength, but you must have mobility at the same time. It's not brute strength. To move another body, to be moving with that body means mutual sensitivity, being attuned to each other's way of moving. The man does not simply take an object and balance it. He takes a live individual and finds where her balance is; he anticipates her blur, putting her line back into focus and making it clear. To have a muscle, to feel a muscle, to have a muscle warmed up and toned and ready to do something. Then, to feel and sense the quality of a movement, to have it inside, absolutely in the middle of your muscles, so that it can emanate and move and come out."

Several weeks later Villella, who had gone to the Ali-Frazier fight, considered Ali's future. He was amazed by Ali's physical condition, which he believed was the result of his casual approach to his body while he was in exile. "I stopped dancing for those four years," Villella said, "but I just had to move. I had to use my body. I boxed, played baseball, ran and even so I was in a state of total frustration. Nothing could match dancing. It's so great to be sitting in a chair and know what your body can do. But Ali didn't feed his body. He was about in the same shape I had been, I may have looked and felt all right, but I was not ready for the dance. I made a bad mistake on my return, I threw myself, much like Ali, into the dance, and I paid for it. Every part of me was so tender. My feet got so blackened and bruised

—Carol Brand



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Villella continued

that I lost both big toenails at once."

Villella said he would take Ali completely apart and put him back together again. He said that running and skipping rope is not enough for the legs of a fighter. He would construct an entire barre for Ali so that he could become aware of every part of his body. Villella would begin slowly, simply with Ali working his foot. "Just to stand," he said, "brushing your foot along the floor and pointing the toe, uses the whole body, and the variations are infinite. Then you raise it off the floor and you know exactly where the other leg is, you feel the balance shift. Then, there are the knee bends. I'm sure he does knee bends, but I don't mean simply dropping down and getting up. Your foot is turned out, you try to put your knee over your ankle, you push your buttocks forward, you feel your pelvis exactly between the feet. The movements are endless, and from them you gain a total understanding of the body. The body becomes one big punch in the dance. It can be the same in the ring."

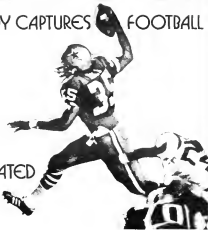
"The closest thing to ballet, I guess, is the ring and basketball. But being a dancer is a lot different. My parents could never see where the winning and losing is in ballet, but it is there, only it is just not visible and it is much more elusive. The athlete can accomplish his feats in any way best suited to him. The dancer has to win within the framework of a technique, of a musical phrase, of a dramatic idea. He has to make what he does alive and beautiful through the power of the movement and the delicacy of the control. When I hit my dressing room after a performance and stand in a hot shower for 15 minutes, stretching my muscles with my metabolism racing, I am certain that there is nothing else I want to do with my life other than dancing, and I know that I could never find a way of being more fully alive, no matter how much people persist in thinking how effeminate it is."

Those who do, of course, only see a man wearing make-up, a cloak and a costume coming onstage with an airful of lies. They might agree with V.S. Pritchett, who called ballet the most foolish of arts, yet might not comprehend what he meant when he added that it was also the most cruel. The pain, the constant draft of energy from a body, is implicit in ballet, and it is written on Villella's face and obvious in the way he

continued

NOBODY CAPTURES FOOTBALL

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Villella (continued)

sits or stands in relaxation; he forever looks weary, drained, and he appears in great discomfort when not dancing. His very life for the last 15 years has been consumed by dance: daily classes (like a boxer's gym work) that he rarely can afford to miss; sessions with his chiropodist, osteopath and masseur three or four times a week, sometimes all in the same day; and those nightly performances that would devastate the bodies of most athletes.

Set backstage and watch him, and you quickly realize that there is nothing pretty or gentle about what he does—only sweat and torture that somehow blend into an odd beauty. The curtain falls and he seems to disintegrate. His breath comes in sobs, rivulets of sweat from his face drop on the stage, a foot seems to bother him, and then the curtain rises for another round of applause and all the agony in his face fades into a wide smile. It was, he said later, an ordinary night. His chronic back condition did not hassle him. His feet did not bleed and his legs did not "feel like chopped liver." It could have been worse, like the night when his whole body convulsed into a spasm. "My thumb was even stuck to my hand"—and he crashed to the floor into a frozen heap. "I somehow crawled offstage," he says, "and all I kept saying was, 'legs, speak to me.' I finally returned to finish the performance, but it was a frightful moment."

How many such moments he can afford, how long such mental dedication can be endured, are questions that he considers often. His back or a torn Achilles' tendon could end his career abruptly. He is not in fear of one day losing desire or motivation, even now at the age of 35. He earns \$100,000 a year, most of it from television and grinding tours when he is not appearing with the New York City Ballet, but the life has cost him more than pain. It cost him a marriage and the heavy financial consequences of its rusty collapse. "I even had to buy my own town house back from my wife," he says, shaking his head. The sting of news coverage during the marital break has made him more distant than ever before, though to many he had always been reticent, an elusive man who lived as he danced, like quixotism. "I don't have time for any personal life," he says. "A few girls, a few beers, a dinner party oc-

asionally, not much else, nothing of intensity."

What is much more visible is the luminous contribution that he has made to ballet. Even the Russians were struck by him at the Bolshoi, where he received calls for an encore at the end of a variation. Villella's rise with the New York City Ballet is in itself rare, simply because Balanchine, its guiding force and sort of the Vince Lombardi of ballet, is not fond of the star system. He once told Nureyev, who wanted to join him some time ago: "Come back to me. Rudis, when you are through playing the prince." Aspiration to royalty or celebrity, on or off stage, is of no concern to Villella. He is not certain he has brought anything special to his art. "When people ask me what I think I've brought to the image of dance," says Villella, "they want me to say virility, a certain manliness. I don't. Because that's not what I believe."

His opinion is that he and a few others have proven that ballet need not be a delicate career, that it can be a richly practical pursuit. He also hopes that he has reached the minds of parents who cannot connect dance to reality, and maybe even one day that he can change the attitude of the mother in a little story he likes to tell, from a talk once given by the black writer Claude Brown. It was about a small Harlem child who had gone with her class and teacher to the ballet. She returned home, and eventually said: "Mommy! Mommy! You shoulda seen it. There was this man and he jumped across the stage and landed on his toes. You shoulda seen it!" The mother answered, "That's nice. Now go out and find the number."

Despite real progress and the fact that a Villella could come out of Queens, it seems improbable that ballet will ever command vast interest and be treated by our masses as other than frivolous. But then again my own conversation was unlikely after such solid resistance. I still do not understand it, and I'm not sure I want to take the purity out of what I felt and tear it into shreds of knowledge. Besides, it is much more important to feel a thing than to understand it, and what I felt at the ballet and in Villella was athleticism that does not require a Webster's definition of that word to support it. I felt sort of a poem of the body written on the air by a man who was made to move.

END



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BASEBALL'S WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

NATIONAL LEAGUE WEST

All season the last-place SAN DIEGO Padres longed to have some fun. Last week they finally did—by scrambling up the first-place battle between SAN FRANCISCO and LOS ANGELES (page 20). ATLANTA briefly made some pennant noise. Powered by Henry Aaron's four home runs and nine RBIs, the Braves won five straight and closed to within 3½ games of the Dodgers before dropping a doubleheader to them. In all, Aaron had 15 homers in 26 games, equaled his season high of 45 and was 77 short of Babe Ruth's 714. He drove in all the Brave runs in a 5-2 win over CINCINNATI, smudging the 11-0 record Don Gullett had compiled at Riverfront Stadium. Don Wilson of HOUSTON kept his win streak intact, getting his sixth in a row with a one-hitter against the Reds.

SF 95-56 LA 94-70 ATL 76-76
HOU 75-79 CIN 75-92 SD 90-98

NATIONAL LEAGUE EAST

No one did his thing quite like rookie Burt Hooton of CHICAGO. In fact, his thing is called The Thing. It is an irascible pitch described by Cub Catcher Ken Rudolph as "a superslider and a tremendous sinker." After graduating from the University of Texas three months ago, Hooton and The Thing (51, June 28) racked up 135 strikeouts in 102 innings in the Pacific Coast League. Last week Hooton held the Mets hitless for 6½ innings, struck out 15 over nine innings and ended up with a 3-2 victory. Then it was veteran Juan Pizarro's turn. He hit a home run to beat NEW YORK 1-0 and handed Tom Seaver his first loss in eight games. More shocking, Pizarro reversed standard baseball procedure when he stated, "I'm not 34 years old, I'm 36." PITTSBURGH clinched a tie for first place with, of all things, superlative pitching. Steve Blass gave up only one run and eight hits as he won twice, and the Pirate staff combined to make .149 hitters out of their opponents. What may have looked like an oversized snowflake to poolside sunbathers beyond the right-field fences in MONTREAL was actually a Rusty Staub homer, his third of the week. Bill Stoneman of the Expos and Rick Wise of PHILADELPHIA both won their 15th and 16th games. After being

needled all year by ST. LOUIS, Willie Montanez and Tim McCarver of the Phillies finally got even with the Cardinals. Montanez hit two homers and went 6 for 8, while McCarver had four hits as the Phillies won a pair. The Cards' Lou Brock reached new career highs and lows. He stole his 500th base and broke his own league record for 100 or more strikeouts in a season by doing it for the seventh time.

PIT 93-91 ST. L 94-95 NY 76-74
CHI 79-74 MONT 97-84 PHIL 92-91

AMERICAN LEAGUE WEST

OAKLAND clinched the top spot in the West, the first title an A's team has earned since Connie Mack's Philadelphia crew won the pennant 40 years ago. Pitcher Catfish Hunter arose at 5 a.m., shot his limit of doves and that night bagged his 20th win and a promise of a Cadillac from Owner Charles Finley. Vida Blue, who received his Cadillac earlier in the season, said, "My body is tired, but I can still throw hard for five innings." Not hard enough it would appear. In his fourth unsuccessful try for his 24th victory, he pitched five against the Brewers and gave up five runs. Rookie Monty Montgomery got into his first game for KANSAS CITY and won it with six scoreless innings of relief against the A's. MINNESOTA set a club record for grounding into double plays with 13 for the week, raising the season total to 143. MINNWAUKIE Reliever Ken Sanders, who has seven wins and 30 saves, was made an honorary member of the city's fire department—and immediately lost twice in two days. Pitcher Tom Bradley of CHICAGO had not won in a month, so Manager Chuck Tanner gave him some advice: "Relax. Enjoy the game. And don't pitch to every batter like he was a Babe Ruth." In his next start Bradley zipped through the Angel lineup in 1:45 and beat them 5-1. Several weeks ago Outfielder Jay Johnstone said that hitting against Tom Murphy of the CALIFORNIA Angels "is like getting a free dinner." Last week Murphy served him a fast ball—to the ribs. Undismayed, Johnstone jogged down to first base, stole second and scored on two wild pitches.

OAK 97-83 KC 92-71 CHI 73-80
CAL 73-91 MINN 70-81 MIL 84-66

AMERICAN LEAGUE EAST

With 18 days left in the season DETROIT was an impossible 10 games behind the Orioles. Six days and five straight wins over the Orioles later, the Tigers were just five games back. Two of the victories were picked up by Fred Scherman, first when he pitched 8½ innings in relief, then when he made his first start of the year and won 5-3. Mickey Lolich also beat the Orioles twice, pitching a pair of six-hitters and striking out 19. In the second victory, he drove in both runs to win 2-1. That gave him 25 victories, the most in the majors BALTIMORE, however, won the last game of the series 8-1 as Mike Cuellar gained his 19th win, and any Tiger pennant hopes were about over. Prior to that, though, Oriole pitchers had given up 42 runs in seven games, six of them losses. Frank Robinson had an inkling he would hit his 500th home run in a game early in the week against the Tigers, so he ordered champagne (\$49.68 worth) for the clubhouse before play began. Robinson hit No. 500 and, even though the Orioles lost 10-5, they celebrated with Frank's champagne. WASHINGTON's pitchers had another unhappy week. Denny McLain dropped his 20th game and Dick Bosman, who lost his 15th, had his wallet stolen for the third time in two years. The Senators did manage to hold CLEVELAND to a 16-inning 5-5 standoff in which 44 players, including a record 15 pitchers, were used. Asserting that he was more interested in testing new talent than in finishing third, Boston Manager Ed Diekroo made liberal use of Juan Bettoque, Cecil Cooper, Carlton Fisk, Mike Garman, Rick Miller, Rogelio Moret and Ben Oglive. The Sox lost 5 of 8 games and dropped to within a half game of the fourth-place NEW YORK Yankees. Bobby Murcer returned to the Yankee lineup after missing nine games because of an attack of kidney stones. He went 8 for 15, batted in five runs, helped the Yankees win six of eight and picked up eight points on batting leader Tony Oliva of the Twins, who is out for the year with knee surgery. Murcer's rush put him within seven points of Oliva's .337 average.

BAL 90-57 DET 88-66 BOS 70-74
NY 76-74 WASH 90-90 CLE 97-84

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Sept. 14-20

BOATING—TED TURNER of Athens won the World 3-Meter sailing championships with four victories in seven races off Oyster Bay, N.Y. Turner finished with the low score of 16-1. Doug Forbes of Sydney, Australia, was second with 32-7 and Lisa Oler of Norcross third with 42-10.

BOXING—Scotland's KEN BUCHANAN retained his world lightweight championship with a unanimous 15-round decision over Ismael Laguna of Panama at New York's Madison Square Garden (page 24).

FOOTBALL—In the NFL's first week of regular-season play, CINCINNATI rallied Philadelphia 17-14 at Vardar Carter completed 22 of 36 passes for 273 yards and three touchdowns, including a 90-yarder to Speedy Thomas (page 20). But Barry scored two TD passes to reduce Ken Burrow to losing in ATLANTA on a 50-17 upset over San Francisco. The Falcons dominated except for John Brock passing and running after his fumbles. In another upset, NOIR FALCONS beat Oakland 16-10 in a game that featured a 100-yard rushing game by running back Jim Brown. In the AFC, the New York Jets 20-0 at New England. In the NFC, the San Francisco 49ers 19-14 over the Oakland Raiders, including a 67-yard touchdown pass to Fred McNeil. In the AFC, the New York Jets 20-0 at New England. In the NFC, the San Francisco 49ers 19-14 over the Oakland Raiders, including a 67-yard touchdown pass to Fred McNeil. In the AFC, the New York Jets 20-0 at New England. In the NFC, the San Francisco 49ers 19-14 over the Oakland Raiders, including a 67-yard touchdown pass to Fred McNeil.

over to Dick Hooper—to give the NEW YORK Giants a 42-24 lead over Green Bay late in the third period. The Packers then scored two touchdowns and a safety before falling short, 42-40.

GOLF—THE UNITED STATES beat Great Britain to regain the Ryder Cup in St. Louis (page 27).

HARBOR RACING—SAVOR, driven by Jimmy Athar, defeated Hambleton, winner Speedy Chica by a length to win the \$103,200 Colonial Invitational at Philadelphia's Liberty Bell Park.

HORSE RACING—TINAERO (\$340), a Puerto Rican 3-year-old gelding by Puerto Rican-born Lido, won his seventh straight racing, the \$77,000 Lettice Handicap, at New York's Belmont Park by 2½ lengths over Twin Time.

RIVA RIDGE (\$920), Red Tanager, won the \$153,200 Futurity at New York's Belmont Park by 1½ lengths over Chevrolet. Favored World-jumper finished sixth in the eight-horse field.

RAIDER Sable's RUN THE GANTLET (\$640), ridden by Barry Woodhouse, took the \$100,000 United Nations Handicap at Atlantic City by 1½ lengths over TWICE WORTHY. Woodhouse's father, Hooty, was the race in 1987 on L&P.

LARIES DANCER (\$1180), Sandy Hooty, took the \$59,850 Delaware Oaks at Delaware Park by 2½ lengths over Secret Retort.

MOTOR SPORTS—World driving champion JACKIE STELLARI finished 15.9 mph in his Tyrrell Ford to take the Canadian Grand Prix for Formula One cars at Mosport Park, Ontario. Ronnie Peterson of Sweden finished 13.2 seconds behind second place.

BOBBY BAAC set a national steeple-chase record of 2:14.15 mph for the first mile at the Knoxville Fair in Knoxville, Tenn., breaking Muddy Thompson's 2:16 mark of 198-13.

ROCKS—JAMES ALLEN of Santa Anna, Texas, did not win a single event but gained the all-around title at the 66th Pendleton (Ore.) Roundup.

ROCKS—Following a two-day fight caused by untold warnings, DALLAS beat Atlanta 2-0 in the final game of the best-of-five series to win the North American Soccer League championship. The Chiefs won the first game 2-1 in a sudden-death overtime on Steve Montano's goal, while Dallas took the second 4-1.

SOFTBALL—The CEDAR RAPIDS WILLY WAY defeated the Starline 11-0 in a regular-season game at 4-5 on Mike Padden's three-run homer to win the Amateur Softball Association Men's National Fast-

Pitch championship in Springfield, Mo. The victory in the final by the Willy Way, who had a 9-0 record in the double-championship tournament, prevented the Baltimore Cadets from gaining their third straight title.

TEENIE—P.C. TINA SMITH beat Cheryl Jan Kodes 1-6, 6-2, 7-6 for the men's title, and MARY BILLEY, 4-6, 6-2, 7-6 for the women's title. CUSH, 4-6, 7-6 for the women's title at the U.S. Open championships at Forest Hills (page 27).

WATER SKIING—GEORGE ATHANS of Canada won the men's overall title at the World Championships on Buffalo Lake, Swiss, while WILLY JUANA STAHLE of The Netherlands took the women's Girls Cup.

WRESTLING—ANNOUNCED: A new national wrestling championship will be held by the NWA champion Mike Backus. Lou Albano has chosen to be the first to take the belt after his victory by the name he received upon his coronation to the vacant title three years ago.

DROPPED TOM DIMPSEY, 24, who ranked an NFL-record 63-yard field goal for the New Orleans Saints to beat the Detroit Lions in the first two seconds of a game last season. Dempsey reportedly arrived at training camp overweight and made only one of eight field goals in an exhibition game for the Saints.

RESTORED SCOLASTIC SPORTS to the Philadelphia school system. Variety sports and extracurricular activities had been dropped 581 days in the face of a staggering budget deficit.

RETIRED BOB BOEHLER, 36, Milwaukee Buckler, retired and ended on the NBA scoring list in 11 seasons with six titles, the 8' 8" Kansas State All-American scored 12,984 points.

RETIRED ALEX KARRAS, 36, an AB-P defenseman took 40 hits in his 12-year career with Detroit, after being cut by the Lions on the eve of the season. During his brilliant career with the Lions, Karris terrorized opposing quarterbacks, crushed the pass football establishment and was awarded one station for hitting on offense.

SCHEDULED A 15-second bout between MUHAMMADALI, the No. 1 heavyweight challenger, and NAC, 201-18, 28, the right-handed challenger who has won 21 of 24 fights by knockout, for Nov. 25 in Tokyo.

SIGNED MICKY DAVIS, 6' 7" forward for the Chicago Bulls, to play for the Bulls. Davis, who averaged 15.1 and 19 points for his two seasons, left school before his senior year and applied for the NBA's special hardship draft.

CREDITS

21-24—Fred Knapp, Sports, 28; 25—John Jensen; 26, 27—John Jensen; 28—John Jensen; 29—John Jensen; 30—John Jensen; 31—John Jensen; 32—John Jensen; 33—John Jensen; 34—John Jensen; 35—John Jensen; 36—John Jensen; 37—John Jensen; 38—John Jensen; 39—John Jensen; 40—John Jensen; 41—John Jensen; 42—John Jensen; 43—John Jensen; 44—John Jensen; 45—John Jensen; 46—John Jensen; 47—John Jensen; 48—John Jensen; 49—John Jensen; 50—John Jensen; 51—John Jensen; 52—John Jensen; 53—John Jensen; 54—John Jensen; 55—John Jensen; 56—John Jensen; 57—John Jensen; 58—John Jensen; 59—John Jensen; 60—John Jensen; 61—John Jensen; 62—John Jensen; 63—John Jensen; 64—John Jensen; 65—John Jensen; 66—John Jensen; 67—John Jensen; 68—John Jensen; 69—John Jensen; 70—John Jensen; 71—John Jensen; 72—John Jensen; 73—John Jensen; 74—John Jensen; 75—John Jensen; 76—John Jensen; 77—John Jensen; 78—John Jensen; 79—John Jensen; 80—John Jensen; 81—John Jensen; 82—John Jensen; 83—John Jensen; 84—John Jensen; 85—John Jensen; 86—John Jensen; 87—John Jensen; 88—John Jensen; 89—John Jensen; 90—John Jensen; 91—John Jensen; 92—John Jensen; 93—John Jensen; 94—John Jensen; 95—John Jensen; 96—John Jensen; 97—John Jensen; 98—John Jensen; 99—John Jensen; 100—John Jensen.

FACES IN THE CROWD

PAM BEGGHIAN, 31, of Scottsdale, Ariz., who had been competing in AAU races only three months, won national age-group titles in the 100-yard dash (12.3) and long jump (16' 10"). She was awarded high-point honors at a Junior Olympics meet in Albuquerque.

CORRIG EMBELAR, 22, a swimming teacher from The Netherlands, set a woman's record for swimming the English Channel from England to France with a clocking of 10 hours 43 minutes. Her swim broke Greta Anderson's record by 18 minutes.

G.T. RAYMOND WEST, 61, of Old Greenwich, Conn., won his first National English Club sailing championship with 2 1/4 points on Lake Michigan after five previous attempts. He has been the Long Island Sound Egan champion two times (1969 and 1970).

WALTER RAY (Ondre) WILLIAMS, 11, of Eureka, Calif., became the youngest player ever to win the National Junior Horsehoe Pitching championship when he pitched 96.7% winners—a tournament record—in Middlesex, N.J. He beat Bill Holland in the final.

VIG WIL, 10, of Redlands, Calif., won the Junior World golf title with a 54-hole score of 171 on the pre-56 course at San Diego. It was the second victory in three years for Vig, who was runner-up in the Pac West Nationals at four and a winner at seven.

GINDY BRINKER, of Dinah, daughter of the late Marvin Connolly, has been playing "sacred" tennis a more than 30 years, but she has won more than 50 tournaments, including the Texas 16-year-old girls championship. She also was runner-up in the 16-and-under.



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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

PICKS AND POKER

Sirs:

Congratulations on another marvelous issue of *SI*. The College Football 1971 section (Sept. 13) was sensational. Although I disagree on LSU's place (No. 5) in the Top 20, I would like to commend you on your fine choice of Tommy Casanova as the best player in the nation.

Seldom does a defensive player receive the honors he deserves. The Heisman Trophy rarely, if ever, goes to a defensive player. And that doesn't seem right. In this day and age of the great offensive talents, there is an even greater need for more sophisticated defensive units. It is the fine cornerbacks and safeties, along with the other defenders, who have made the game the sensation it is today. The time has come to recognize these fine players, and the young sensation from Crowley, La. stands first in line.

JAMES E. LEBLANC

Lafayette, La.

Sirs:

Your article on college football's Top 20 team was spectacular. Notre Dame deserves all the credit you've given, and more.

LISA CASAGNA

Kings Park, N.Y.

Sirs:

"What about Alabama?" The unranked Tide is rolling.

DAVID CARLFEDGE

Birmingham, Ala.

Sirs:

Much as I hate to second-guess the experts, I feel I must point out that you snubbed Stanford again. For shame! Didn't you learn anything at all from last season?

JAMES G. DONART

Los Angeles

Sirs:

In your analysis of the so-called small colleges you failed to mention Texas A&M University. In the past four seasons, the Jay-elephas have compiled a record of 41-4-0, winning the championship in the tough Lone Star Conference four consecutive times.

A&M is also the NAIA defending national champion, having won the title in the last two campaigns. And last year's squad sent five graders to the professional ranks. What more can a football program do to be recognized?

CYRIL PARKER

Kingsville, Texas

Sirs:

The University of Tampa, cited last year in your Nov. 2 article on small colleges

and on the verge of losing football a few years ago, has revamped its football program and compiled records of 7-3, 8-2 and 10-1. X Ray McQuay will be missed this year but not enough for Tampa to miss the national championship for small colleges.

LARRY BROOKS

Tampa

A LITTLE COACHING

Sirs:

Thank you *SI* and John Underwood for your article (*And This Man Is at the Top*, Sept. 13) on the winningest coach in college football, Bob Devaney. For once you showed Nebraska and its great coach as they are, and not as a bunch of country bumpkins.

But somehow you have listed Notre Dame No. 1, Nebraska as No. 1 in '71.

JOHN CHASELSON

Omaha

Sirs:

How could you fail to include Duffy Daugherty in your "First-Class Section of Coaches"? This is his 18th year as head coach at Michigan State and in that time he has won a national championship, a Rose Bowl, two Big Ten titles, been Coach of the Year and made the cover of *Time*. He has sent more assistants on to head jobs than any other college coach. As you mentioned, Bob Devaney was once a Daugherty assistant. The most recent Daugherty protégé to make it big is Wake Forest's Cal Stoll. Perhaps this is Duffy's greatest accomplishment—that he has established the record he has while continually rebuilding his staff, the toughest and most often overlooked part of a coaching job.

DAN PETERSON

Newark, Del.

Sirs:

The very idea of listing as many as eight of America's greatest football coaches with no mention of Eddie Robinson of Grambling must stand out as one of the glaring journalistic errors of the 20th century.

In addition to ranking No. 1 in the small college division for career victories (197), Robinson has sent more athletes to the professional ranks than any other coach.

GILLES W. HAYMOND

Columbus, Ohio

BY WORD AND DEED

Sirs:

Your article on the baseball announcers (*And Here, to Bring You the Play by Play*, Sept. 13) was the exceptional kind that I've learned to anticipate from your magazine. The baseball announcer is a stim-

ulating subject, since he is at the same time an anomaly and an all too common victim. As Jerry Kirshenbaum points out, several factors, such as length of game, lulls between action and audience dependency for information, make the role of a baseball announcer a distinctly challenging one, although his potential creativity and usefulness can be cut short by the myopic outlook of the club's management.

Until the ruling powers of baseball cease to treat the sport as a three-ring circus of endless, athletic promotions, baseball as a true art form will be tainted. Long live Van Scully and others of his class!

J. JOEL LTA

Laurelburg, N.C.

Sirs:

Your recent article on baseball announcers was an interesting one. But surely Harry Caray, who now broadcasts for the Chicago White Sox, is one of baseball's finest and more colorful broadcasters.

This year the White Sox will nearly double last year's home attendance. And Harry Caray will have to be counted among those who helped bring people into the park. He makes the game exciting and he calls them the way he sees them, handing out praise and criticism to players and umpires.

JOEL A. LARKIN

Chicago

Sirs:

Jerry Kirshenbaum says Phil Rizzuto is one ex-player who offers gentle criticism. I've been listening to Yankee games for about eight years and his criticism must be very very light because I never heard it.

SAUL LEISER

Brooklyn

Sirs:

I couldn't agree more with Jerry Kirshenbaum's unsolicited praise of the announcing talents of Dodger Sportscaster Van Scully. I can't, however, support the opinion of Frank Deford (*TV Talk*, Sept. 13) that CBS's Bud Collins is the best announcer and interviewer handling tennis. For an intelligent and insightful analysis of the court action give me either the Yabes, Don Dell or Gene Scott. The best on-court interview I ever heard was conducted by Clark Gable. But if we viewers must content ourselves with Collins, let us hope that he has learned not to open his interviews with embarrassing, unanswerable questions like, "Well, the Nastase, what's a good Comm-better boy like you going to do with all that money you won out there today?"

KERRY M. WOOD

Palo Alto, Calif.

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15TH HOLE *continued*

REAPPRAISAL

Sirs:

I have just finished reading the third and final installment on George Blanda's football career (*I Keep Getting My Kicks*, July 19-Aug. 2) and have come to the conclusion that old George is more of an athlete than we here in Houston gave him credit for.

Like the other Houston sportswriters, I castigated George disgracefully in print. Being black, I even accused him of being a racist. Perhaps the old war-horse wasn't dogging it after all, but had simply lost his enthusiasm for playing here, which seems to be a dilemma that many athletes have faced.

When an old pro like Blanda unashamedly cries after a loss, that is proof enough for me that he is a real competitor. Here's hoping that he has another super year.

Bill Johnson
Editor and Publisher
Suburban Press

Houston

AS A CIGARETTE SHOULD

Sirs:

In his article on the world of offshore powerboat racing (*Hop, Skip and Kerpunk!*, Sept. 6) Hugh Whill notes that Builder Don Aronow named his Cigarette hulls after an old run-running boat called *The Cigarette*.

In 1876 Robert Louis Stevenson and Sir Walter Simpson set out in sailing canoes for an inland voyage through the waterways of France. Dressed in great red sashes, with flashing knives affixed, the two men titled themselves and their canoes *Cigarette* and *Arcturion*. Through the Sambre-Oise Canal to Origny Sainte-Benoite, down the Oise to Compiègne, the intrepid two were perhaps pioneers not only in their dress but in the very sport itself.

Certainly, Benny Higgins, swashbuckling into another era, could not have chosen a more apt name for his long, lean runner. And I feel sure that the spirit of Robert Louis Stevenson rides high with a smile on the bow of every Cigarette hull that goes hop, skip and kerpunk!

STEPHEN G. CLARKE

West Hartford, Conn.

Sirs:

The run-running *Cigarette* was owned by Vanny Higgins—not Benny Higgins—and if I recall correctly, after the loss of *The Cigarette* Vanny acquired a *Cigarette II* before he was bumped off in 1932 by persons unknown.

HARRY PERCIVAL

Clearwater Beach, Fla.

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